

MY NEIGHBOURS.

By the Author of "The Miser Married," &c.

"Facts, facts, my masters!"

Two brothers, Paul and John, were among my nearest neighbours. Paul was the beadle of the parish church, and his figure, which resembled that of a baboon nearly as much as that of a man, was arrayed on Sundays in a coat of blue, faced with scarlet; and his head was honoured with a cocked hat, with broad gold lace. On other days, Paul laid aside his dignity, and appeared in plain clothes, a good deal the worse for wear.

One of his ordinary employments was going round to the farm-houses to gather eggs; for Paul hated labour, and loved ale: and at every farm-house he got a cup of his favourite beverage, in consideration of his sparing the farmer's wife the trouble of sending her eggs to market. His basket filled, Paul changed his route, and went to those houses where no poultry was kept; and here he got a cup of ale in consideration of sparing the mistress the trouble of sending to market to buy eggs. Of all Paul's customers, I was the favourite, and the first served; and right it was that I should be so; for our consumption of eggs was the greatest, our ale was the strongest, and I made him a regular and liberal allowance of profit in money, which procured him ale at the public-house in the village.

Paul had a wife, an excellent kind-hearted woman, who, after having passed

a long life in his service, left him a widower, when she was ninety-three years of age. I never heard that Paul discovered any symptoms of uneasiness on this occasion; for he was one of those persons, of whom there are many, who care only for themselves; and he had a daughter, as good and as kind as her mother, and about thirty years younger, who left him nothing to wish for that attention could bestow.

But a heavier misfortune awaited Paul. The cottage, in which he had passed the whole of his life, became, like himself, in a crazy condition, and he was obliged to quit it, lest it should fall upon his head. He and his daughter removed to a tenement at a hundred yards distance, and it was well they did so; for soon after, and after a windy night, I walked through the lane in which it had stood, and found that the thatch had vanished, the plaster walls were scattered on the adjoining field, and only a few bare beams were remaining in their place.

Paul was now become very infirm, and gathered eggs no more; but his attachment to his office, and his fine clothes, was unabated. He crept to church every Sunday, though it was a mile and-a-half distant from his dwelling; and he crawled on his hands and knees over a long bridge, two planks in breadth, which lay in his

way, because he dared not trust himself to walk over it. From this state, the gradation was regular and certain. Paul was confined to his house, his chair, his bed, was laid in the church-yard, in which he had so often assisted to lay his fellow parishioners, and his coat and hat were worn by another. This happened when he had attained the age of his late wife, that is, ninety-three years.

John, the younger brother of Paul, was a hard-working, saving, sober man, rented a field, kept a cow, and had money in the bank. His wife died young: I believe at little more than sixty years of age; his daughter was married; his sons were away; and his only inmate was what my neighbours term a housekeeper, that is, a woman of all work. John had been a traveller, and delighted to boast of it. "When I was young," he used to say, "I was once sent, with a pauper and a pass-cart to Burton-upon-Trent [twenty-eight miles], and, gom! I dayn't think the world had been half so big as it is!"

Every half-year John walked to his banker's in the neighbouring town, with his six months' savings in his pocket, to be added to his fund. His errand was known to us all by his drab-coloured Sunday coat, of twenty years' duration. At length, John bent under the weight of years, as he had long done under the weight of labour, and he had great difficulty in getting to his banker. Go he must, however, for no one else could be trusted. I saw him walking homewards with a slow step; the next time, I saw his servant go to meet him, and he returned leaning on her arm. I saw him no more; and, a short time afterwards, he was laid by his brother; not, however, till he had passed the age of his brother, for he was ninety-four.

My next neighbours were two brothers and a sister, all single, and living together, with a man and woman servant as their domestics. The two brothers had neither business nor amusement, nor did they want either. On Sundays they went to church and read the Bible; on other days they read the newspaper, or chatted with a neighbour on neighbourly concerns; if it were day, the little wicker gate of the court was between the parties; if evening, the neighbour was admitted to the fire-

side; but no one ever presumed to take the elbow chair, in the chimney corner, which was the privileged seat of the elder brother. My neighbours kept a sumptuous table, and their woman servant was an excellent cook. No harsh word was ever heard in their house; the brothers and sister loved each other; the servants did as they pleased, without being reprimanded; the masters and mistress treated them with kindness, and behaved to them with familiarity. No beggar ever went from the door empty handed; it being the maxim of these worthy people, that it was better to bestow their money on twenty impostors, than to turn away one who needed relief.

So smoothly did the current of life glide on with my three neighbours, till, in a luckless hour, a widower neighbour of sixty-five took it into his head to woo the sister, who was about the same age. He was known to be a selfish and unfeeling man, and to have been a churlish husband to his former wife. The brothers were alarmed for the happiness of their sister, and gently endeavoured to persuade her to dismiss her suitor: but she was convinced that she had been long enough unmarried, and certain that he would treat her better than he had done her predecessor. On these convictions she married him; and she, who had never received, or merited, contradiction, was thwarted in every action of her future life, and died, broken down with sorrow and vexation, at the premature age of eighty-eight.

The brothers kept "the even tenor of their way," and reached the customary standard of existence in the neighbourhood; the elder dying first, as it was but right he should do, at the age of ninety-four; and the younger, after having leaned on his wicker gate a little longer, conversing with his neighbours, dying at the age of ninety-three. The man servant, who had passed fifty years in the service of the brothers, and the woman, who had passed more than thirty, were rendered independent by the will of their last master.

I might here notice another neighbour who died lately at the age of ninety-one; but he was worthless, and I will say no more about him. I might also give some

account of my father, who lived in the house I inhabit, and died here, at the age of ninety-two; but this account has been already given, and the subject is too sacred to be entered upon here.*

One family only remains to be noticed, and one field only intervenes between their garden and mine. Though all the persons I have mentioned lived within the distance of a quarter of a mile from my habitation, the dwelling of this family is the only one of them within my view. The family consists of a mother and three children.

The mother is a healthy woman, of a strong make, and a strong mind, well skilled in domestic affairs, and well able to conduct them. The house she lives in is her own, and she lets the land attached to it, the rent of which forms an income sufficient for her support, and that of her younger daughter. The mother completed her ninety-eighth year at Christmas last [1829]. In winter, her walks are limited to her garden; in summer, I see her in the field adjoining mine, where she will stoop to pick up a stick for her fire, and rise with perfect ease. Her memory is excellent; she is a living chronicle of all the events which have taken place within her narrow circle, for nearly a century, and the exactness of her details cannot be doubted.

Edward, the eldest child, and only son, is a bachelor. His mother calls him her boy, and this boy is in his seventy-seventh year. He was a farmer's servant as long as he was able to go through the regular business of husbandry; but, a few years ago, rheumatism obliged him to quit his station and retire to his mother. He still retains his old habit of wearing his wag-

goner's frock; and, by looking after the sheep of his mother's tenant, and performing little offices about the land, he adds his mite to his mother's purse.

Mary, the elder daughter, is a widow, who has withdrawn from the bustle of active life, in the neighbouring town, to end her days under the maternal roof, and contribute her portion of the expences of the establishment. Mary is in her seventy-fifth year, and is the only one of the family who can continue it to future ages; and if present numbers be any security for children yet unborn, she may reckon upon a numerous posterity. She has presented her mother with ten grandchildren, eighteen great grandchildren, and one great great grandchild; thus putting it in her power to repeat the ancient saying, "Arise, daughter, go to thy daughter, for thy daughter's daughter hath got a daughter."

Jane, the younger daughter, and the mother's girl, is an upright, stately maiden, of seventy-two years of age, endowed with her mother's strength of person and intellect, and bidding fair to attain her mother's longevity.

It is remarkable that, while people are wandering from place to place, seeking health and long life from change of air, not one of the neighbours I have mentioned has ever, to the best of my belief, been six miles from the spot in which he or she first drew breath; the traveller to Burton excepted. And it is also remarkable that, while some people are indulging their appetite, and others are fighting against it, the first brothers lived sparingly, the second brothers luxuriously, the mother moderately, and all attained extreme old age.

C. HUTTON.

Bennet's Hill, Birmingham.

* *Vide LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, vol. v. page 98.

THE FATAL NIGHTINGALE;

OR, THE LOVES OF GIANFIORE AND FILOMENA.

"Vivace amor che negli affanni cresce."—PETRARCA.

GIANFIORE, a young nobleman of Florence, was enamoured of the beautiful Filomena. To gain favour in her eyes, as was the custom of the times, he jousted and gave feasts, yet failed in attracting the peculiar notice of the damsel, although from her balcony she frequently witnessed the diversions celebrated in her honour. Sometimes, Gianfiore thought he had best write to Filomena, and at once declare the strength of his passion; but, again, fearful lest accident should compromise her name, he remained irresolute. One evening, as was his custom, watching near the mansion of his mistress; a neighbour, who had observed the lover, and had discovered his secret, exclaimed—"Gentle youth, thou dost lose thy pains—the bird is flown; Filomena is no longer here. Her brothers have borne her to her father's villa. I tell thee, thou dost lose thy time to tarry here." Perturbed at such intelligence, the melancholy Gianfiore wandered home; yet, unable to rest, he resolved to quit the city in pursuit of Filomena, determining at once to learn his fate, and no longer consume his heart with doubts and fears. At first, he thought to scale the city walls; then, mistrusting the enterprize, he determined, for greater security, to go out by the river Arno. Having clothed himself in a brown vest, girded a sword at his side, and placed a light casque upon his head, like the lover Leander, he, with some exertion, crossed the river.

It so happened that an execution of a culprit had taken place on the previous morning. The body was yet left suspended; which, when Gianfiore beheld, his heart sank within him; and he mournfully exclaimed—"Misery is thy lot, whoever thou art—and miserable, and doubly miserable they who gave thee birth!"—When he had uttered these words, a voice, proceeding, as he thought, from the dead, replied—"More miserable than I—Come; I await thee." Gianfiore's blood froze at the sound, and for a while he stood

aghast. Then rallying his powers, he pursued his way, and was beginning to treat the answer as the mere coinage of his fancy, when he thought he heard the voice still calling him—"Gianfiore, whither goest thou—look to thy footsteps!" The youth, self-assured in the honour of his purpose, exclaimed, in answer to the warning—"Wandering spirit, whatever thou art, go to thy eternal judgment—seek not to stay me in my path." This said, he hurried on anew, and at length reached the villa of Filomena. It was situated on Mount Fesole, no great distance from the city. Seeing a window open, and believing Filomena's mother to be absent from the mansion, he determined to enter the house, and seek some hiding-place, until time and accident should serve to introduce him alone to Filomena. Fortune, at times most inauspicious to the most devoted, betrayed the youth; for having entered the chamber, and, it being dark, feeling with his hands for some recess wherein he might hide himself, he entered an antichamber, wherein was hung a cage containing a nightingale, a favourite of Filomena's. Unluckily, Gianfiore striking the cage, its inmate suddenly shrieked, when Filomena, anxious for her bird, ran to the spot, calling to her brothers, "My nightingale! My nightingale! It is stolen, or killed!" The brothers, and several of the household rushed into the antichamber, swords were drawn, and Gianfiore, after having unavailingly defended himself against the crowd that soon surrounded him, threw himself at the feet of the brothers, and whilst he offered his life as forfeit, yet begged that some brief minutes would be allowed him with Filomena.

This being conceded, Gianfiore narrated, with a deep and earnest eloquence, the history of his love; whilst the eyes of Filomena declared that she had not been so unobservant of his former devotions, as his fears had induced him to believe. Her tears, her sighs, the emotion she displayed,

convinced Gianfiore that he was beloved. In the most impassioned manner, she entreated mercy of her brothers ; and when she found them resolutely bent on shedding the blood of Gianfiore, she begged, that at least they would send for sanction of the deed to her father, then in Florence. To this, the brothers consented, and a messenger was despatched to the old man, who, boiling with rage at the supposed dishonour to his family, contemplated by the intruder, returned for answer, an order that Gianfiore should instantly be sacrificed, and the body disposed of with all due secrecy. The young lover received the tidings of his approaching fate with calmness. He took a diamond ring from his finger, and offering it to Filomena, said, " Know, fair Filomena, a maiden, who died from unrequited love, gave me this ring ; her last words were, ' Gianfiore, keep this as a remembrance of one who dies for thee ; the time may come, when thou shalt bestow it on another as a like memento ! ' Alas ! how many sad omens have foretold this bitter scene ! "

The brothers, impatient for their victim's life, drag Gianfiore from their sister's arms, and heedless of her agonising shrieks, and flowing tears, they consummate the deed of blood ; the lover has ceased to exist, and Filomena is truly wretched. She awakes from the stupor in which the tragic event had bound her senses, only to reproach her father with his cruelty, with his savage nature, which, to a falsely-conceived notion of honour,

had sacrificed the noblest youth in Florence, and had blighted the budding hopes of an only daughter.

In compliance with the last request of Gianfiore, his corse was consumed by fire, and a small urn contained the remains of one who but a few hours before was clothed in manly beauty, and throbbing with all the hopes of youth and love. The nightingale, the innocent cause of Gianfiore's death, once the delight of Filomena, shared the fate of her lover ; it was killed and burnt to ashes.

Months wore away, and the sleep of the inconsolable Filomena continued to be broken by dreams of her hapless lover. One night, the shade of Gianfiore appeared before her. " Long time have I awaited thee, and yet thou comest not, oh Filomena. I inhabit the fields of the blest. Thy nightingale sings her sweet songs in the immortal grove. That thou mayest not deem this visit an empty mockery of thy brain, I take a pledge, assuring thee, that I, thy lover, was truly here. That diamond that I gave thee render back ! "

When Filomena first awoke, she deemed the vision the mere creation of her disordered fancy, but when glancing at her finger, she perceived the diamond, the sacred pledge, was gone, the truth sank deeply into her heart. She felt that her hours were numbered. They were so ; a few brief days, and the young and still beautiful Filomena was an inmate of the family monument.

SCENES IN THE PRISON OF THE BICETRE.

At the commencement of last winter, being in Paris, I availed myself of an opportunity of witnessing a spectacle unique of its kind, and which, seen once, leaves on the beholder's mind an impression of gloom sufficient for any moderate amateur of the horrible. A chain of convicts was on the point of leaving the prison of the Bicêtre, for Toulon, after having undergone the operation of the *ferrement*, or riveting of their irons.

It was early when I made my way into the court-yard of the prison: all was gloom and monotonous silence, all in perfect harmony with the spirit of captivity which seemed to pervade the atmosphere of that ancient pile. No "note of preparation" had as yet announced the sad scene with which Justice, or rather her satellites, were about to warn and scare the beholders. At length, by way of prologue to the piece, a few individuals, whose faces, "did an understanding judge but look on them," would indubitably have hanged them, made their appearance in the court-yard. Shortly afterwards, some prisoners condemned to detention for different terms, and who were obliged to perform the office of assistants, arrived with a quantity of heavy chains. A whistle was the signal for the opening of a door to the second or

smaller court, whence issued a band of twenty or thirty convicts, who were immediately stripped and submitted to a rigorous inspection. A coarse grey frock was then thrown over their naked shivering limbs. During the examination of their persons, one of the gaolers had ranged, on the ground, a row of iron collars destined to secure the convicts till their arrival at Toulon. On a second signal, exactly in front of each *forçat*, was placed the triangular pillory allotted to him, and which a practised hand raised to the height of his neck. The convicts thus ranged, a smith, armed with an enormous hammer, passed behind the line, and with a heavy stroke, directed with fearful precision within two inches of the head of each unfortunate man, riveted the bolt that secured his collar. Thus he went through the whole range, with a degree of dexterity and speed scarcely to be imagined. As the hammer descended, each *forçat*, with an involuntary motion of terror, inclined his head forwards; the same movement, in the opposite direction, would have proved instant death, or, in the familiar phrase of a bystander, "*the slightest wince backwards, and his skull had been cracked like a nutshell!*" The most hardened culprits, and those sentenced to the longest term of punishment, always

enjoy the equivocal distinction of being ironed the first. The chain uniting the convicts together, passes from the collar to the waist of each, thence to the collar of his neighbour, and so on to the last, to whom it is attached in a manner bidding defiance to the keenest file. The first batch of prisoners having been ironed, another whistle was heard, and a second troop made its appearance, the individuals of which underwent the same minute examination, and were secured in the same manner as their brethren in crime. Thus they proceeded till the whole of the convicts, one hundred and twenty in number, were fettered, and marched off to their station near the wall to the left of the court-yard.

Notwithstanding the short notice usually given, an exhibition of this kind never fails to attract an idle inquisitive crowd. Many are impelled to the scene by that eager thirst after excitement that seeks its gratification in the spectacle of human abasement, and often in the contemplation of the blood-stained arena which surrounds the scaffold. Others visit the spot as artists, and in the physiognomy of the criminal endeavour to trace the lineaments of crime. The legal adviser—the police-agent—the journalist in quest of materials for the morrow's paragraph—here and there a cicerone with stentorian lungs and oft-told tale—the friends of the prisoners, destined, perhaps, soon to follow them—an imposing display of civil and military force; such are the most striking features of a scene which presents inexhaustible subjects for the philosopher's meditation, or the painter's canvas. The indifference of some, and those the youngest of the convicts, formed a strong contrast with the mournful stupor of others less deeply initiated in the mysteries of crime. The expression of impotent rage, the cynical affectation of disdain, the bitter jest that sports with the extreme of misery and degradation, the foppery of vice glorying in its shame, and hardened to the blush of penitence, or the sting of remorse; of this varying scale of wretchedness, no language could convey an adequate idea.

The last signal having been given, the massive gate of the outer court was flung open, and the convicts, huddled together

in carts, and escorted by *gardes-chiourmes*, under the orders of a captain, left the prison. Outside were the populace, waiting to accompany them a few miles on their journey, and listening with stupified attention to their obscene songs and frenzied shouts of execration. The jokes and galley-slang of the culprits seem perfectly to the taste of Captain Thierry, who has for many years occupied the post of commanding officer of the chain, and who regards with stoical complacency the scenes of horror to which he is habituated. "This time," said he, in his own peculiar dialect, "Paris has not furnished many subjects, *mais il y a de l'itineraire*;" meaning, that during a journey of more than two hundred leagues, the chain would no doubt be increased by a number of provincial acquisitions. It is, indeed, no easy matter to comprehend the language of the galerians, and "those set in authority over them." The slang of the Bicêtre is replete with metaphorical, and often poetical allusions. Take the following instances:—the moon, *la luisante* (the shiner); a bell, *la babillarde* (the prattler); straw, *la fretillante* (the frisker). The guillotine is designated by a still more energetic phrase, *la veuve* (the widow).

Amongst the convicts I observed a youth scarcely twenty years of age, whose "sterner stuff" was impenetrable to feelings of shame or penitence. Throughout his air and manner reigned a species of bastard gentility, the ton of a prison-exquisite, the equivocal dandyism of a Macheath. His shoes were of velvet, patched in several places with pieces of leather; and the cut of his waistcoat, though forming a practical anachronism with regard to the remainder of his *togery*, would have done honour to a Staub. His air of callous indifference as he sported with his fetters, occasionally using one of the links as a quizzing-glass, was truly revolting. One of the spectators having asked if he was condemned for five years, "Ay," said he, with a smile, "and three to the back of them."—"Did you commit a burglary?" pursued his interrogator:—"No," replied he, "I merely mistook the number of a house."

A culprit named Rostan was among the number of those who were regarded with a sort of distinction by their miserable as-

sociates. The daring spirit of this criminal was displayed in the bold effrontery of his countenance, and his grey hairs seemed to indicate a lengthened experience in vice. Rostan is, besides, familiarized with the scenery of Toulon, where he is well known to the inhabitants of the port under the galerian's costume, and whence he boasts of having escaped ten or twelve times. His last evasion but one is deserving of mention on account of its singularity. He had gained the confidence of the inspector of the port, for whom he was occasionally permitted to work under strict *surveillance*. One day, when the inspector had invited a large party to dinner, Rostan was employed in an office next to the kitchen, where there was no egress but by a door at which two *gens d'armes* were posted. His plan was instantly formed. Taking off his coat, and disguising himself in the cook's vest, apron, and cotton cap, he seized a dish in each hand, and clamorously thrust his foot against the door, which was instantly opened by the *gens d'armes*, who allowed him to pass without the slightest opposition. With incomparable coolness he crossed the dining-room, and walked quietly out of the house. The veritable cook having returned to the kitchen, and missing both his dishes and his dress of office, immediately raised a hue and cry, and thus the mystery of Rostan's escape was discovered. He was shortly afterwards retaken, and subjected to additional severity.

The spectators who witnessed the sad procession were strongly interested in the fate of one of the convicts, an old man, who in all probability will never revisit the scene of his crimes. His white hair, his furrowed brow, his palsied frame, induced many to believe that he had reached the term of life at which the tardy clemency of the law substitutes the penalty of imprisonment in place of the log and coupling-chain of the galley-slave. On being questioned as to the motive of his supposed obstinacy in declining to avail himself of the law, "Alas!" said the aged culprit, "I am but sixty-four years old!" Even under the fatal *bonnet rouge*, grey hairs inspire a certain degree of respect, and the pecuniary donations of

the bystanders evinced their involuntary sympathy for the hoary victim of justice. The charity that was powerless to break his chains, at least soothed the sorrows of his last journey.

One of the most remarkable among the culprits was an ex-serjeant-major of infantry, sentenced to five years' hard labour for forgery. He had been thirteen years in the service of his country, and the impassible expression of his countenance, added to the preciseness of his military attire, sprucely and trimly arranged as for a morning parade, formed a strange contrast to the wretchedness and the rags by which he was surrounded. Previously to his undergoing the operation of the *ferme-ment* in company with his fellow-culprits, his blue frock-coat buttoned up to the throat, the number of his regiment inscribed on the shining buttons, his immaculate cloth gaiters, black leather stock, and forage cap smartly worn on one side, might have led to the presumption that he had just turned out to inspect his company, or that he attended in the court-yard of the Bicêtre merely for the purpose of maintaining order and regularity. He submitted to his punishment with the same phlegmatic and passive obedience that he might formerly have evinced under a sentence of temporary arrest. Not a murmur escaped him, not a gesture betokened impatience of his lot.

On passing the barriers, a little distance out of Paris, the convicts are usually ordered to quit the carts, and are conducted to a field remote from the high road, where they are again stripped and examined, the *gardes-chiourmes* passing from rank to rank, and compelling them to clap their hands together, in order to ascertain that no file or other instrument is concealed between their fingers. They are then allowed to partake of a coarse and scanty meal in the stable of an inn. After a halt of two hours, the order of march is resumed. At Châlons-sur-Saône the convicts are embarked in boats, covered with a sort of thick canvas that screens them from the prying gaze of curiosity. At the junction formed by the Saône and the Rhône, beyond the bridge of Ainay, the chain is augmented by the *itineraires* already mentioned by the facetious Cap-

tain Thierry ; and after a painful march of thirty-four days, it arrives at a village about four leagues from Toulon, where it is met by a detachment of *gens d'armes*, a medical officer, and the local authorities.

A narrative of the extraordinary escapes that have at different periods been made from this abode of misery, would form an interesting volume. As a proof of the ardent desire of liberty felt by the forlorn galley-slave, it need only be observed, that even the dread of the most cruel punishment is insufficient to subdue the feeling. To judge by the difficulties to be surmounted, an escape from the galleys would imply the possession of genius that falls to the lot only of the most favoured of Heaven's creatures ; and yet scarcely a week passes without the occurrence of an attempt. The disappearance of a convict is almost a miracle, when it is considered that to succeed in overcoming the slightest obstacle, he must deceive, not only the vigilance of his guardians, ever on the watch, but even of the comrades by whom he is surrounded. The history of a convict named Salvador, who might justly have been termed the Cartouche of his day, affords many striking proofs of almost unparalleled dexterity. On one occasion, having momentarily escaped, he was retaken, after an obstinate but unequal combat with ten or twelve police agents, and conducted to the prison of La Force. In consequence of several wounds received in the struggle, he was conveyed to the hospital, where he beguiled the tediousness of convalescence by the authority which he assumed over his comrades. More corrupted, if possible, than his associates, and having some money, it was his delight to encourage and recompense superlative traits of villany. A culprit having solicited his aid, "For what offence have you been imprisoned?" demanded Salvador. "For a robbery." "Of what?" "Of a watch." "Pitiful scoundrel! get you gone!"—Another worthy having preferred a similar request; "What is *your* crime?" asked Salvador. "I was about to break into a house, but being unfortunately surprised"—"You are a fellow of some spirit," said Salvador, interrupting him; "here, take my purse."

Moved by his entreaties, the gaoler at length permitted a female, who was attached to Salvador, to visit him in his prison. The lady was accordingly ushered to his cell. She took with her some provisions for the culprit's use ; among other things, a salad, within the leaves of which a file was artfully introduced. In the morning his cell was found empty, Salvador having severed the bars of his window by means of his instrument, and escaped into the street.

Having been arrested after another of his "hair-breadth 'escapes," he was placed in a cart, his hands bound behind his back ; and in this situation he was escorted by four *gens d'armes* towards the south of France, where he was to be tried for a fresh offence. On the way, his guards had somewhat relaxed their vigilance, and as the vehicle passed under the shade of some trees that bordered the road side, Salvador perceived a branch whose vertical position offered him a chance of escape. Seizing the opportunity, and calculating the moment of his spring with mathematical precision, he raised his feet to the height of the branch, which he seized between his legs. By this gymnastic feat he fairly lifted himself from the midst of the drowsy *gens d'armes*, who, nothing doubting, pursued their route without their prisoner. He was again captured at Toulouse, and conveyed to Rochefort, where, having engaged in a revolt and wounded a *gen d'arme*, he was condemned to death. The sentence was executed with the promptitude usual in such cases.

Humanity shudders at the instances of cruelty which have been cited on the part of the ferocious guardians appointed over the *bagne* : it is hoped, however, that such abuses will be speedily checked. The voice of eloquence has been powerfully raised in favour of an amelioration on this point, to which the attention of the French legislature has been directed. This is as it should be ; for surely the power to punish is not the right to torture ; nor does the observance of a necessary degree of vigilance warrant the infliction of gratuitous barbarity, in addition to the rigour of the law and the contempt of society.

W. B.

SCOTLAND'S FAIREST AND BRAVEST: 1336.

By Miss Ingram.

————— And let me tell thee tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betid.

SHAKESPEARE.

“How else shall I prove that my love for thee is boundless?” uttered an impassioned tongue to a very fair and lovely girl, who had turned scornfully away as the speaker concluded a former whispered sentence.

“By doing my bidding, my Lord of Athole,” she now replied, in a haughty tone.

“Ay, sweet Annie; but hast thou considered how difficult the task imposed?—to cease gazing on thee, when every feature is beauty’s own—to leave thee, while yet there are words on my tongue to tell thee all I would brave for thy love. Indeed, Annie, I cannot leave thee while there is yet one of hope’s bright sparks in my bosom.”

“Then I would I could pluck it thence, Sir Knight.”

“Nay, thou canst not. List while yet again I recount all I would do for one of thy heart-cheering smiles. Have not I told thee, dearest, that thy father should be soon again by his own dearly loved child—on the

hills of wild Liddesdale? Then, too, would I gather round me thrice the number of brave hearts and strong swords (even including the renowned Dalwolsy, lady) which thy sire owns.—Annie Douglas, I would join thy brave father’s followers; his wrongs should be mine.”

“Again, Sir Knight!” she exclaimed in an offended tone; “dost thou again offend my ears with thy base proffers? Thinkest thou that the proving traitor to the cause thou hast chosen would win my favour? I will no longer listen to thee. And for the liberating Liddesdale’s Lord, learn, Sir Knight, that his followers have proffered his ransom, and in a few days thou mayest call all the strength thou hast vaunted to thy aid, for they need it who raise their arm ’gainst his.”—

She was interrupted by the unexpected sound of horses’ hoofs, which seemed to be fast approaching the valley in which they stood. “’Tis some one of our followers, my Lord of Athole,” she continued; “I would warn you begone!”

"But, dearest, first tell me that thou wilt think favourably of the risk I have run to gaze on the famed flower of wild Liddesdale."

"I will converse with thee no longer. Farewell, my lord," she replied.

Athole placed his foot in the stirrup, and vaulting gracefully into the saddle, waved a kiss on the breeze which came softly over the cheek of Annie, exclaiming, "Adieu! my pretty wild flower; I will yet win thy love;"—then, spurring the gay steed, was lost to sight ere the other horseman was seen as a black speck on the hill top. For some minutes Annie stood vacantly gazing on the lessening figure of Athole, and thinking on the traitorous proposals he had made her; but now the hasty approach of the other roused her from her reverie. "'Tis De Vipont, with news of my father, or commands from him," she murmured: "but no; 'tis a stranger, and young and handsome, too. Perhaps he is of England's friends; and here am I alone, unattended.—Oh! there is Scotland's plumed bonnet! doubtless he bears tidings of our troops."

He was even by her side as she concluded; and, instantly leaping from his horse, bent his knee before her, as he exclaimed, "Scotland's pride! Liddesdale's famed one! thou canst be no other.—Tell me, lady, if thou art the envied Annie?"

With a crimsoned cheek and a downcast eye, she replied softly, "I call Liddesdale's Douglas father."

"Then, Annie Douglas, Ramsay of Dalwolsy bears thee a command from his own lips."

"Rise, rise, sir!" she exclaimed hurriedly, and glancing timidly on the fine features raised to her face. "Doth Scotland's bravest kneel before one of her maidens, whom it would better become to hold thy rein while thy foot was in the stirrup? But I had forgotten: thou saidst thou hadst a command from my father. Hast thou, then, spoken with him?"

"Ay, fairest: he is once again come to gladden Scotland with his presence; and in token to thee that my words hold the stamp of truth, I bear thee this ring."

A blush of shame crimsoned even her smooth brow as she gazed on it, and remembered that she had been thus holding converse with a stranger who had but called himself as one of their bravest champions,

and for the sincerity of whose words she had required no further proof than a handsome face and frank bearing. But he had called himself by a title which had never been uttered in her presence but in terms of pride and admiration by every noble whose presence had graced the feasts at her own castle home; and unwittingly had she suffered it to become rooted amidst the tenderest feelings in her very soul, till even its mention had banished from her mind every remembrance of maidenly caution and pride, and thrilled to their depths her woman's feelings. "Shame it is to me, Sir Knight," at length she spoke, in a broken voice, "to look on my brave sire's token. Ye can think me but a bauld lassie; and it brings to my sad, sad memory that I have not yet bidden ye to our board, where I, alas! must play the hostess; for my angel mother rests—my sire, thou knowest, is watching his country's interests."

Dalwolsy joyfully took his horse by the bridle, and led him by the side of Annie, beguiling the way with words: the same she had often heard, but never till then felt. First, though, Douglas' command was Dalwolsy's theme. "Thou must even away with the morrow's dawn, lady," he said; "every vassal must hence to their lord's banner. Then, Annie, thy father thinketh truly, that a scarcely inhabited castle is not a meet place for one like thee."—

"Ramsay," she interrupted, "whither would he send me? See!" pointing to the castle turrets as they rose to view, "I have so long called that home, I should weep to leave it. Nobles have whispered in my ear that other hills are fairer than Liddesdale—that their own castles are more noble than our hermitage, and their vassals braver than the Douglas' followers—but, Sir Ramsay, I have not believed them: tell me, then, whither my honoured sire would will me to go?"

"I must bear thee safely to Kildrummie, lady, where thou wilt be safe, since the stout-hearted Christina Moray defendeth it; and where, moreover, thou wilt be surrounded by some of Scotland's maidens equal in rank to thyself. Think, Annie; dost not thou fancy thy days the merrier already, that thou art going to sojourn in a castle famed for gallantry and mirth?"

"But my mother's grave, Alexander Ramsay?" returned Annie, in a broken,

mournful voice, and raising her tearful eyes imploringly. "I am a sad wilful creature, Ramsay; but I ever fly to that tomb of peace when my heart beats too fiercely. I shall leave in our hermitage the only happiness I have known when Liddesdale's Lord was far away in the southern land."

"Thy *only* happiness, lady!" repeated Ramsay, casting a meaning glance to the hill-top over which Athole had disappeared. "Pardon me; but I had imagined thy happiness was centred in the living rather than the dead."

Annie blushed and smiled as she caught his meaning, and replied, "Ay; thou art fancying yonder gallant was a true-love. He hath said he is."

"And you doubt it?"

"Nay, I know not that I have even thought about it. Tell me, Sir Alexander, wouldst thou—and thou hast boasted over much of bravery and love—wouldst thou ride away at the glimpse of a single horseman?"

"Might I die any where, save on the field of glory, if I did! But, Annie, does thy father know this?"

"Know what, Sir Knight? Thinkest thou I would trouble his ear with the trash that Athole's Earl, Scotland's enemy, whispers in the ear of a Douglas?"

"Athole!" exclaimed Ramsay, with a heightened colour; "by my good sword we will give him other work to do than galloping over our hills in search of our fairest maidens. Annie—young Leddy Douglas—if thou lovest him, tell it not to me, for I have sworn to dip my sword in his blood; and if such words came from thy lips, I fear me I should be perjured."

Annie gazed with surprise on the glowing eye and perturbed bosom which Ramsay exhibited. "I love him!" she exclaimed, stopping suddenly in her walk; "an' I did, Sir Knight, I would either root it from my bosom, or never again set foot in Liddesdale. But I hate him, Ramsay: his very words and voice are my detestation. But we shall shortly be in the halls of a Douglas, and Athole is not a name to breathe there. Rather let its walls resound in honour of its guest."

Ramsay forgot not to repay her words in kind; and their effect may be best judged from the knowledge that, at the next morn-

ing's dawn, he was plighting and receiving vows of faith at her mother's grave ere they began their journey towards Kildrummie. Annie was attended by her maidens, and Dalwolsy led a troop of the bravest hearts in Liddesdale. It will not be surprising, then, to learn, that it was a mirthful train which wended its way towards the castle; but as they neared it their spirits flagged the mirthful joke grew less frequent 'mongst the men and maidens, and Annie and Dalwolsy seemed deeply buried in thought. "Do not the horses grow weary?" spoke Annie, after a long silence, during which she had imagined their pace to slacken.

"No, dearest," replied Ramsay; "they are but too ready to bear thee on. Thy father is awaiting me—my country calls me; I may not then even allow my heart to guide me, or I should say it were necessary to rest even here. But look thee, Annie; yonder turret is Kildrummie, and there we must part; but we meet again, love, ere long. Wilt thou give me a golden tress to bear to thy father as a token of thy love when I shall ask thee of him?"

"Take forth thy sword, Ramsay, and cut it from 'neath my hood:—but stay: 'tis a work unfitting the dread of England: call one of the vassals hither, and use his less-valued weapon." But Ramsay cut the bright lock even whilst she spoke, and placed it 'neath the folds of his vest.

They were now called on from the walls of Kildrummie in a deep masculine tone, but which, to Annie's surprise, proceeded from one of her own sex, "the heroic Christina Moray," who was summoning the numerous sentinels to their posts. Dalwolsy was admitted on the instant with the young Lady Douglas and her maidens; but the former staid only to repeat that Annie was committed to her guardianship by the flower of Scottish chivalry, to receive a gracious promise of protection from the Lady Moray, and perhaps the lingering farewell of one other, ere, placing his bonnet on his brow, he was bowing gracefully on his steed as he led his little band on their now weary march.

Annie stood silently by the side of her brave hostess, but quite unconscious of such presence, for her eyes were fixed on the lessening plume which was tossed to and fro in the varying breezes.

"Annie Douglas," at length interrupted

the Lady Moray, "dost thou see yonder cloud of dust, which groweth even more dense with every passing moment? Thou dost!—then, maiden, I will tell thee we are not calling every hand to its post for mere pastime. That mist, by every probability, circles foes!—Thou startest!—Nay, thou hast but a weakly heart for the bride of a soldier."

Annie's eye sank beneath the keen glance of the Lady Moray; and she wondered, in her simplicity, how she could have learned aught that had passed between her and Ramsay; but, "Annie Douglas," she continued with a kindly smile, and parting the long golden ringlets from the downcast cheek, "dost thou think that Dalwolsy's eyes speak a language unintelligible to all, save thee? and that thy smile can be read alone by him? No, no; remember, for the future, that others than thyself have eyes. But go within, and throw thyself on a velvet couch, and dream again each look and word and sigh, while we deal with more substantial matter. Within with thee! within!"

Annie was not disinclined, after her fatigues, to profit by the request of her kind protectress, who now accompanied her to a chamber, where she ranged her maidens round her, and was soon again in the little chapel of Liddesdale, with Dalwolsy plighting his faith at her side.

Meantime Athole's Earl had not been idle. He had contrived to be an unobserved spectator of the meeting between Annie and Dalwolsy, whom he had recognised by his plumed bonnet and gay bearing, by merely riding round the hill's side, and coming again even within a few paces of the spot where they stood. He watched Annie's blushes, listened to the words of kindness which fell from her lips, and the homage paid her by Dalwolsy. When they moved thence, he hastily drew from his saddle's bow a small bundle, which, it seemed, contained the dress of Liddesdale's vassals: this he quickly donned; and, taking a different route, arrived at the castle long before those who had loitered so willingly on the way. He then bent his steps to an outer wall, where it appeared he was expected; for a very pretty but simple-looking girl returned his salutation, adding, that he was a "tardy callant."

"Nay, Jeanie, then I must ask forgiveness. I have been spending my time on

my master's business; but each moment was an hour ere I could reach thee;" and he passed his arm tenderly round her waist. "Thou needest not to hasten home, for thy mistress is beguiling her evening walk by listening to words which are honeyed to her ear as thine to mine. Thou wilt go hence many a weary mile to-morrow. Listen, Jeanie: my master loveth thy mistress even as I do thee; it needeth not better: but he is not happy as I am, Jeanie: thou knowest that she hath scorned his suit, though he hath risked so much to come hither just to gaze on a bright eye. He hath braw lands, which she might call her ain, and siller sufficient to purchase half Scotland, and 'tis thy lord's pleasure that she should love him; but the Douglas hath sent hither one to bear her to a far-awa castle for protection; and this one she will love, despite my lord and yours, if some measure be not taken to make her Countess Athole quickly."

"Ay," interrupted the maiden; "but maybe my young leddy loes anither far, far better."

"A woman's suggestion—or, rather," said he, checking the impatient tone with which he began, "I own that thou showest a kindly heart. But I tell thee this is a mere momentary fancy, just to be perverse: this Dalwolsy will be off to the wars, and forget that ever he set foot on land of Liddesdale."

"But how to bring her to consent to such a measure?"

"Hast not thou some token which thou could'st give my master, and which might come from her father?—nay, there is nought in those words to make my Jeanie start. The Lady Annie will soon acknowledge that we have planned her happiness."

"But I fear me"—

"What should'st thou fear," he interrupted, "when my arm encircles thee? Be-think thee of something which may serve for my master, and I must away quickly; though to meet thee again shortly, when I hope I may serve under our mutual lords."

The thoughts which crept over the maiden's heart at this suggestion completed all he had wished: she turned hastily to him, and replied, "There is her mother's portrait, which my lord ever carries with him when he gangs far awa with the sodger lads; but he was roused so hastily this last

call, that he left it in the closet:—if thy lord take that, she will credit the token.”

“Tis well, dearest; haste thee, and bring it hither:” then, as she left his side, murmured, “A blessing on thee for a kind-hearted wench! Methinks I have the haughty Annie in my toils now. What a fool am I thus to intrigue for a wild though beauteous flower, when a whole parterre of richer ones are spread for my choosing! But she hath scorned me: that is sufficient to decide her mine.—Ah! my pretty Jeanie!” as the girl approached with the portrait, “there is not another like thee in broad Scotland. For the present I must away, but in a few days we meet again;” and, having placed it in his bosom, and pressed a kiss fraught with deceit on her lip, he remounted his horse and galloped off.

But Jeanie, the simple, kind-hearted Jeanie, stood gazing after him with all the yearning of woman’s affection in her tearful eye and pallid cheek; and she placed every confidence in the completion of her lady’s happiness, since it was an earl who was to wed her, and to bring so many, or at least one brave heart (so she fancied), to the standard of her lord.

But now to return to Annie Douglas, who, perfectly unconscious of all that had passed in that meeting, was fondly dreaming of other and more-valued presence, when she was aroused by the Lady Moray’s hand placed lightly on her cheek. “I have dismissed thy maidens, love, for the Earl of Athole waits on thee. Ay; I was wrong in conjecturing that enemies approached. See, dear,” as Strathbogie entered, “he wears the dress which best becomes all who own hearts of steel. But I prevent his delivering thee a bidding from thy father.”

“From my father!” repeated Annie. “Nay, my lady, I must have other proof of it than mere words.”

Athole’s tongue burned to tell her that she did not ever give her thoughts thus quickly to ascertain such truths; but he dared not give the thought utterance now. He drew forth the portrait, and placed it before the astonished but instantly convinced Annie. “Then I am to welcome a friend of Liddesdale’s Lord, Sir Knight: believe me, as such thou art most welcome.” These few words she uttered with the most complacent air, to atone for the suspicion her first had evinced.

“Such welcome from thy lips, lady,” he returned, sorrowfully, and with the utmost respect, “were enough to repay me, even though I had lost honour in the exchange; instead of gained it. But I will endeavour to remember the lesson so lately learned,” and he bowed lowly to her. “But I bear thee a message and bidding—thou canst not dispute their truth. I am but sorry, An—lady, that my words require aught to certify them as such to thy ear.” Then turning a flushed cheek to the surprised Lady Moray, “Hath our brave Dalwolsy left here?”

“Ay, Sir Athole. I would he had tarried to welcome thee to Scotland’s glory,” returned the animated Christina.

“T’would have increased my present happiness, doubtless, lady,” said the wily earl; “but since he hath left, the bidding I bore him rests with me. Young leddy, thou must hence to thy father; and I wish, since I hear it is thine, that one other had been here to be thy escort.”

“Thou mean’st our Ramsay, my lord. By my sword, Athole, thou hast a discerning eye. Ay, Annie, ’tis a deep-dyed blush thine.” The Lady Moray spoke truly. Annie’s cheek burned in its depth of crimson as she turned it from the jealous eye fixed on it; but which grew softened in smiles as he smothered the tumultuous throbbings of love and hatred in his bosom, and in a winning and respectful tone he asked when the Ledy Annie would be prepared to depart?

She gazed long and earnestly on the beauteous portrait before her, as if tracing in its placid smile an approval or disapproval of this sudden and (to her) inexplicable bidding; for she felt, though she knew not why, with such a token, a distrust for which she blamed herself, even while unable to repress the fast-falling tears.

“How’s this, Annie Douglas?” demanded the Lady Moray; “dost thou hesitate to join thy father? Maybe, thou faint-hearted one, thou fearest the sound of clashing swords, and the battle-call.”

“No, no, indeed no, lady. But ’tis rarely I gaze on these features without giving way to this weakness,” said Annie: then, for the first time raising her eyes to Athole’s, she continued, “My lord, I ’tend your pleasure.”

“Then so soon as the sun’s bright he-

ralding crimson is in the east, we will away."

"And now to the banquet hall, Strathbogie," interrupted Lady Moray: "we will summon minstrelsy, and pass in friendly converse and mirthful laugh some of the few intervening hours."

And at the morning's dawn Annie and her maidens were mounted ready for the journey, during which Athole preceded them by some paces, the little band of soldiers bringing up the rear. They were fast approaching the forest of Kilblene, where they were first to halt, and as yet the silence was unbroken. Annie was not a little surprised to see a regularly encamped army, though small in number; and her heart failed her as she noted that the officer who approached her wore the military dress of England, as indeed did all, saving the few accompanying Athole. She and her train were immediately conducted to a tent prepared for her reception; and to which Athole soon sent, requesting permission to speak in private with her. Her heart misgave her, when, bidding her favourite attendant alone remain with her, she awaited the entrance of Athole.

It was not long ere he stood by her side. The respect hitherto displayed in his every word and action seemed to have suddenly disappeared, and to have given way to a self-satisfied and almost exulting air, and the composure of his countenance to a supercilious smile. He, too, now wore the English dress.

"My Lord of Athole," said Annie, in answer to his request that they might be quite alone, "you can have nought to say which may not as well reach the ear of my confidential maiden as"—But she was interrupted by the girl shrinking on her knees before her, pale, and shutting her eyes as Athole's were bent on her, his lip vainly endeavouring to give his rage utterance, as he recognised Jeanie! "Lady, lady," she exclaimed, in an agonised tone, "listen not to him!—bid him leave thee, and I will tell thee all!—how silly I have been, how base he!—all, all!"—and she sank fainting at her mistress's feet. "The wench is riven of her senses, young lady," said Athole bitterly, as Annie gazed on the lifeless girl with the utmost astonishment; then, as she summoned her other attendants, he bowed and left the tent.

She was now convinced that there was treachery in the proceedings; but hour after hour passed, and still Jeanie lay in the same unconscious state. Suddenly the battle-cry was raised, and Annie was despatching a messenger to learn the reason, when Athole, with a flushed cheek and hurried manner, rushed into her presence. "Annie Douglas!" he exclaimed, throwing his battle-cloak around her, "we are surrounded by enemies. I will not leave thee here to become the bride of the hated Ramsay. I belong not to thy boasted Scotland. And listen: if I live and conquer now, thou shalt away with me to England; if I die, thou diest too!"

But Annie heard not the threat, for she was lying, a death-like paleness on her lips and face, in his arms; and he was bearing her to his own steed. Then as he clasped her with one arm, the other outstretched sword in hand, he touched the rock which stood beside him, and swore to be victorious or die. His soldiers were dropping around him as each arrow whistled down from the eminence whereon the enemy stood, and upon which Athole had fixed a glassy stare, for he recognised, in the tartans and plumes waving to and fro in the breeze, Dalwolsy and Douglas of Liddesdale.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "have you learned that Athole bears the prize? Dearest," as he turned to the beautiful being he grasped in his hated embrace, and pressing her cold lips to his, "we part not." An arrow was shot from a bow which was stretched over the precipice, and Athole fell: another followed it,—Annie was bleeding by his side. With the agony returned consciousness; and when she raised her eyes, Alexander Ramsay's arms were around her, while her father and maidens were weeping beside him: but Ramsay's eye was tearless, though his soul was bitterness itself. His bosom, which was heaving tumultuously, alone betrayed the inward workings of his spirit, as he gasped out, "Annie, my affianced bride, 'twas my hand laid that dastard low, and my hand—but, oh! how unwittingly!—stretched thee by his side. Stay, stay, dearest! one word—forgiveness!"

She raised her head for one moment, and pressed her lips on the icy hand supporting it; then, raising her eyes to her father, and smiling on him, she drooped in death.

E. A. I.

SONGS OF A MAY DAY WEDDING.

WHAT a festival is a wedding! What an union of hopes and feelings! What a ceremony for the speculative philosopher—how he may brood over the after joys and woes which may elate or depress the minds of two young beings linked together for life! The early and deplored death, or the long complaining age! The happiness of mutual confidence and continuing love, or the strife and the separation!—Then his reveries may retrograde, and the past may fix his meditations: he may imagine the various thoughts, hopes, and fears the fair girl has borne for this her fate; the dreams that may have passed over her in the morning of her love; perhaps the frowns of friends may have clouded it; deep sufferings may have been endured by her; which have but caused her to cling the closer to her heart's elected, and trust her future happiness and life and all to him, with that dear, relying fondness, of which, when obtained, man should be mindful and proud. And He, too, what jealousies and mad doubts he may have known, what joy, despair, and delirium of heart may have been his, under the influence of the mysterious master passion, and all crowned by this the wedding. And when it is the sweet-heaven gained by two young pilgrims of love, then does it become the holiest of human forms, the most delightful ordinance of poor mortality. And when should be the season for this festival? It is the commencement of a new existence, the spring of a new year, which *will* know its storms and tempests, as well as its sunshine and peace; it is the blossom of the branch of life, which either brings forth fruit or falls in weak barrenness to the ground: then should it not be, when the buds of leaves and flowers are bursting into life and beauty? when the growing days are advancing into the manhood of many hours, and the sun is breathing his first warm and gentle kisses upon the enamoured earth.—May should be the season—May, the blooming and gentle maiden of the months, and the day should be the one following that which has seen the weeping April sink with its showers into the earth.

On a merry May day in those kindly and free times which England knew two hundred years ago, when Elizabeth wore a

crown which hath since had many wearers, and Shakespeare's brows were also rounded by a less ephemeral coronet, and which is his own to this day; the trees and hedge rows were gaily clothed in their fresh garments of green, and few were the flowers that had drooped their heads to the earth with too much love for that glowing amorist the Sun; while the chirrups of delighted birds and the loud peals of merry bells told the tale of a wedding. And the noon of that day saw a party of young beings sitting in a green and fragrant bower, enjoying the sweet time and scaring away the flying hours with merriment and songs. To have heard their gleeful voices, their words of happiness and sanguine predictions of the future, none would have surmised that one aching heart could have been beating in that joyous company; but is not this a world of sorrow, and does not the sweetest summer know its thunder and its storms? A beautiful girl was sitting there, and circling her small waist was an arm that seemed grown to the graceful stem it protected; the girl was a bride, and the youth beside her was her own—her husband; they were the happiest of the happy. It was a marriage for love—pure and hallowed love: unmixed with any worldly thought or feeling, his joy was written in his laughing and triumphant eyes; and there he sat a proud and secure conqueror. She too was blest in the crowning joy of the hour; but, undefined apprehensions were mingled with her feelings: she seemed to shrink from the friends about her: but why, she knew not; for they were all familiar faces, and appeared to claim a right to the presence they then and there enjoyed. In the midst of the mirth the colour of the bride was called into her cheek by a general wish that she would add to the delight of the merry day by a strain of her sweet singing; and no retreat could she make, when so attacked, her exquisite skill in music, and the deep feeling with which she was known to trill her pleasing and plaintive airs, was one of the fascinations that had won her the hearts and souls of many. The song she was entreated to sing had been written for her by one who sat among them watching her as a mother watches the smiles and

tears of her first-born—but of him, anon—it was a madrigal for two voices; and one of her kindred, a fair-haired and blooming boy, who sat rejoicing at her feet, and who in her sport, she styled her merry foot page, was wont, with his young and clear voice, most skilfully to carol the parts allotted to him. One of the gallants presented the bride with her mandolin, and presently all was hushed and listening to

The Song of The Bride and Her Page.

The Page. What is love? sweet lady, tell me.
Is it such a blessed thing?
'Tis a joy which ne'er befel me,
In this world of sorrowing.
I have read in song and story
Of its wildness and its glory;
Therefore do I crave to be
Acquainted with the mystery.

The Lady. Gentle boy, you'll soon discover
When a few young days have past,
All the hopes that haunt a lover,
And the fears that follow fast,
When the smile of one has bound you,
When but one breathes joy around you,
When but one is doom'd to be
Your happiness or misery.

Then will dawn life's April season
Sunny smiles and rainy tears;
Then will be the sleep of reason,
And the dreams that live for years.
Words will be but weak revealings,
For your deep and fervid feelings,
While your thoughts of her will be
A wild and sweet idolatry.
But should you be scorned and slighted,
And your sighs no echo find,
All life's blossoms will be blighted,
By the winter of your mind.
Songs of woe, and tales of sadness,
Then will yield a mournful gladness.—
None but those who've known can guess,
Slighted love's lone bitterness.

The Page. Sweetest lady, I implore thee
Cease that soul subduing strain,
All my darkness breaks before me,
And a glory wreathes my brain.
Every sound of your sweet singing,
To my mind new thoughts are bringing:
And I feel I'm bound by thee,
In all love's wond'rous witchery.

The singing ceased,—but so wrapt were the hearers, that several seconds had passed ere their expressions of delight burst loudly and rapturously forth:—the blooming boy received his full share of adulation, which

was given most especially by the lovely ladies there, who passed him from one to another, smoothing his bright locks with their delicate palms, and those who dared, kissing his red lips so warmly, that the young thing became as proud as the fallen one is said to be; while the beams of his full blue eyes, darting from face to face of those who had so caressed him, gave goodly token that a lover of bright eyes and melting lips was quickly springing up among them. But the bride, whose stealing tones had so thrilled upon every heart, turned towards her chosen one; and, scorning to listen to the praise which so assailed her, murmured a few low words to him, and bright and happy was the smile that answered her; for she spoke of moments of past bliss, and a lovely and a moonlight hour when first that song was listened to, by him who sat beside her. A mournful sound was now heard through the revelry—'twas something stronger than a sigh—it seemed like the wail of a withering heart—few heard it; and those who did, heeded not from whence it came, for all were now gathering together, and commanding another silence. The bride had breathed a wish that the bridegroom should subscribe his song towards the combination of dulcet sounds, which were now preparing to charm each ear; and a wish from her, needing but the expression of a word for its instant gratification, not a moment was lost in needless parley, it had already commenced, and this was

The Bridegroom's Song.

Come tell me, I pray,
Said my dearest to me,
Were you bound by a spell
A new creature to be.
Or permitted to breathe
Your wild spirit away
In a beam of the moon
Or the sun's yellow ray—
What shape would you choose,
Or what element take
For your home, till the spell
Of the wizard should break?
A wave of the sea?
Or a cloud of the night?
Or live a proud palfrey,
Your lady's delight?
A hound would you be?
Or a flower?—ah! now,

I think I can see,
 By the light on your brow,
 A rose is your choice,
 Far above all the rest,
 To die a sweet death
 At some beautiful breast.
 The palfrey, the hound,
 And the beam of the sun,
 For my spirit's new course
 With the rest would I shun :
 But a sweet stealing breeze
 Of the heavens for me,
 That my life might be one
 Endless kissing of thee.

When the singer had completed his last cadence, it was executed with such apparent ease and boldness, that not a being there who had ever committed to memory a ditty, whether of love, or war, or of any other subject which had been considered worthy of rhyme, but quickly felt inspired with song, and all imagined they were suddenly gifted with melodious attributes: some were heard tuning the notes of a long forgotten air, and vainly striving to recall the absent and neglected tones to their recollections, others were selecting from their most approved roundelays the best of the most approved, that they might dispute the palm with the last singer; and an ambition for vocal distinction so pervaded the whole groupe, that several voices commenced at one moment several ditties, and all uncalled for, so obliging were they; while none were willing to cease, each thinking that his peculiar song was equal to his neighbour's; and a most strange discord for a brief space distracted the ears of the musical, and delighted the lovers of noise, till a sudden silence was enjoined, caused by one of the sweetest lady voices in the world commencing a strain at the request of one well skilled in divine sounds; and as the old god's harmony fascinated stocks and stones, so did the riotous of the party cease their disjointed attempts, and were charmed by

The Guest's Song.

Oh! come with me, my only love
 The skies are warm and clear;
 And ain it is, my sweetest love,
 To waste our moments here.
 The year is now in budding prime,
 And all things speak a warning,
 That this is love's own precious time—
 A fresh and fair May morning.

This is the place, my gentlest love,
 For woven hearts like ours;
 These pleasant fields, this silent grove,
 And these sweet springing bowers.
 Now tell me, love, when you'll be mine—
 Shall it be when adorning
 This wondrous world, sweet sunbeams shine,
 Like these of this May morning?

Or when they light the merry bee
 Through caves of summer flowers?
 Or when the year is old, and she
 Weeps o'er her dying hours?
 Yet ere you speak, or breathe the spell
 To mark the happy dawning
 Of our new life, remember well
 How sweet is this May morning.

Still silent, dear, then let *me* speak,
 And be this your reply,
 The smile that I so loved to seek
 When first I learn'd to sigh.
 I'll whisper love—*now*, shall it be?
 The smile's my cue for scorning
 A moment's waste—'tis there, I see
 Your mine this fair May morning.

This song having been sung in a full melodious voice, and with a delighting skilfulness, was much extolled by every one, and its burthen being so appropriate to the festival then celebrating, that a repetition was loudly requested, though many thought the song not adapted for a female; but the curious who scrutinized the white fingers of her left hand, discovered that one of them was rounded by a plain circlet of gold; and a few who knew her, whispered that this was the anniversary of *her* wedding, and *that* song had been sung by her husband on the day of his marriage, and with which she was so pleased that the learning of it was her earliest matrimonial task; and happy was she to sing that song, as he who had been her tutor was now ploughing the perilous deep, and many were the sweet thoughts the singing of it revived, and fervent was the silent prayer that went up from her soul for him, while she was preparing again to obey the call of the delighted party.

These songs had followed each other with a rapidity which might have authorized a supposition that no other amusement was to silence the music of their sweet voices; but the merry jest and the waving and sailing dance would assert their right to making a part of the revelries, and despite the various shocks given to the re-

ceived opinion of good breeding, loud was the laugh of the carousers, and often did that joyous crowing of the lungs startle the birds from the branches which there canopied the beautiful, the gay, and the happy; and truly with their songs, their jestings, and their dancings, a merrier groupe were not at that time breathing the air of heaven.

Yet there was one among them whose gaiety was a hollow mockery, and whose sadness was too mighty to admit the displacing of her pale ensigns from his conquered cheek, by such quickly fading banners as his mournful merriment could there advance—and why was he sad? Alas, alas, the bride of that day he had loved from boyhood with a strong and passionate love, he had received kindness from her, and he had hoped to make himself worthy of the beauty who had so enchained him. He had seen his burning lamp shamed by the rays of morning, when a long vigil of study had been endured, that he might one day win her with glorious lines of immortal poesy; he had toiled long and secretly to gain wealth, not that she might be tempted by its glitter, *that* thought he spurned, but, *that* should she be won by his wooings, he could place her in all the splendour of a queen, and proudly see her reign in triumph over her compeers, as she reigned and triumphed over his anxious and devoted heart. But that which he could do in his lonely chamber, and dare in the striving throngs of his fellow men, availed him not in the society of her for whom he lived—his spirit then forsook him: with her his passionate breathings and the eloquence of his tongue quailed into cold silence, and where he sought the rich and warm atmosphere of intense love, he but found the freezing air of friendship.

Once when chance had brought them together, and alone, when stars were looking out of their blue abodes in all their bright and multitudinous beauty, and the silence of the hour was uninterrupted by the slightest breathing of the warm evening air; then while his heart was overcharged and bursting with the passionate feelings which struggled for freedom, when there was a confiding kindness in her eyes, and in the low and musical accents of her voice; then did a few tremulous words break from his dry lips, avowing the love he bore her,

and told of the faintly springing hopes of his soul, which a moment's sunshine from her dear eyes would call into full life and strength; but none can tell the withering coldness which struck upon his heart, when that voice, whose tones were to him the only music in the world, faintly confessed her love for him—as a brother—as a friend—but other than these she could not; for even then a form was advancing towards them, with whom her heart had been exchanged, and to whom she was irrevocably betrothed. Then did he turn away like one death-stricken, and from that time became a silent and neglecting man.

And why was he there? Why was he at this May-day Wedding? Where was the pride of the rejected, that he should sit there to be rack'd and tortured in soul?—She whom he had so loved, had begged his presence there with winning smiles and tender kindness, had taken his attenuated hand, and spoke of the happiness she should know in seeing her old acquaintance among them, and how proud and pleased she was in his friendship, and what unhappiness would be hers, were there to come a strangeness and a division between them: then he wishing 'to die, and knowing the sight of his loved one, *married*, and shut out from him for ever, would be the signal of his heart's eternal silence, gave his assent, and when the time came, there he sat, the palest and the saddest, though ever and anon a fierce merriment would burst from him, which those around only looked upon as caused by the excitements of the moment, but which he knew were the wild flashes of the flame of life, which was soon to be extinguished.

And now the pleasant company bethought them of another madrigal to vary their delight, and who, alack! was to be the singer, but the pale and hollow-eyed youth, who was now sitting apart from them, and looking his last upon the beautiful form of his idolatry, the married one, the Queen of the assemblage; no refusal was heard from him, but fixing his large black eyes full and immoveably upon the bride, he commenced in a low, yet melodious tone,

The Song of the Slighted One.

Oh 'tis a bitter thing to wake
From golden dreams of love and light,
To see a murky morning break,
And chase away the starry night

That gave such fancies to my brain,
Such as it ne'er can give again.
Those shining dreams were all of thee,
Of thee, who sitt'st before me now :
It seems as though the agony
Which sears my soul and burns my brow,
Is but a chastening I must know,
For joys that did enwrap me so.

Was it not joy to sit and trace
Fair pictures of my love for thee,
And as I formed thy radiant face,
To see it glow with love for me ?
To hear sweet whispers in the air
Breathing the death of my despair ?

Was it not joy to hear thee sing
Some thrilling and immortal lay
Of deathless love, while I would spring
To kiss the silver sounds away ?
As a rapt madman strives to break
The lute that does his wonder wake.

Was it not joy to see thee smile
Thy sweetest smile on me alone ?
To think thy heart some queenly isle,
And I possessor of the throne ?
These were my visions, day and night,
In sunshine, cloud, and clear moonlight.

Is it not death, to wake and know
All I have dreamed is as the wind,
Whose might can mansions overthrow,
Yet of itself leave nought behind ?
Is it not death, to wake and see
How bitter cold is truth to me ?

And now beneath its freezing skies
My stricken soul lies chill'd to death ;
While like the moonlight are her eyes
(In nights of frost) that view my death,
Lending their clear but coldest beams
To light me from my life of dreams.

The voice of the singer had gradually become lower and lower towards the conclusion of the song, and the last word was scarcely audible ; but when the voice ceased, a cry from the bride caused all the company to rise and turn to the place of the singer, towards which she pointed with every demonstration of affright ; and there he sat, his eyes glassy and fixed, and his hands hanging helplessly from his body : they spoke to him, but no answer was heard—he was dead—and the gaiety instantly ceased, and a shuddering and a chill came over everyone there. The bride was removed by the bridegroom to her apartment, and each guest turned sadly from the bower they had entered so gaily and joyously ; and never was there festivity again known under its branches and trained stems, for through neglect the trees and flowers died away, and a shunning of the place brought the rank weeds in usurpation there, and never but with a sigh and a trembling, did one of that company name *The Songs of a May-Day Wedding.* J. B. B.

TO MARRY, AND NOT TO MARRY :

A SKETCH IN HUMBLE LIFE.

JOHN BROWN, the grandfather of Rosamond, was a shopkeeper in a country town, and numerous were the useful articles dispensed from his shop to the inhabitants of the town and the surrounding country. On the right of the entrance stood grocery ; on the left, linen-drapery, with a slight assortment of those sorts of haberdashery that were least subject to the mutations of fashion : in front appeared ironmongery ; and, behind the counter, stood John Brown, as much a fixture as the counter, except that the latter did not move at meal times, or go out of doors on Sundays.

John's merchandize was always good, and its price fair. He used no arts in its favour, made no speeches to recommend it ; there it was, and it might speak for itself.

No. 66.—Vol. XI.

In vain did a young grocer from Liverpool, and a young hardwareman from Birmingham, open shops in the same street ; in vain did a smart haberdasher from London offer the most fashionable articles at the lowest prices ; nothing could compete with John Brown. All the town went to the new shops, and then came back to John Brown's.

Mrs. Brown was as indefatigable in the house as her husband in the shop. It is true she had a maid servant ; but she was neither cook, nor housemaid, nor laundry-maid, nor sempstress ; for Mrs. Brown herself filled all these posts, and the other acted under her immediate directions, by the rule of " Do this," and " Do that."

Anne Brown, the daughter and sole

heiress of this worthy couple, was permitted to do pretty much as she pleased, for her father being engaged in his shop, and her mother busy in the house, they had little time to bestow upon their daughter. She was, however, of an active disposition, and, influenced by the example of her parents, her pursuits were confined to the useful. Anne Brown was now twenty-two years of age; agreeable in her person, though not beautiful; pleasing in her manners, though not striking; and perfectly good-tempered, though rather grave. Many a young townsman had bought a cravat before he wanted it, and many a young farmer had purchased a spade or fork, for which he had no use, for the chance of seeing Anne Brown in the shop; or an opportunity of stepping into the parlour behind it, to ask her how she did.

Anne cared for none of these; but there was a young man of the name of Thornley, who occupied a farm about a mile from the town, to whom her eyes were occasionally directed at church, and never without observing that his were fixed upon her. Thornley was the younger brother of a man of good family, and large fortune in a distant county; and having no inclination for any of the liberal professions, and a keen relish for country sports, he became what is called a gentleman farmer. He was extremely handsome, and very clever, and his company was sought by all who could bring him within their reach. Mr. Thornley's partiality to Anne Brown was soon manifest. All the town gave him to her; and, in due time she gave herself, with the full consent of her parents, to Mr. Thornley.

Mrs. Brown now carried her head higher than she had done before. She persuaded her husband that it was beneath the dignity of the father of Mrs. Thornley to be measuring a yard of tape, or weighing an ounce of tobacco; and in consequence of these representations, the good man disposed of his trade; and, as his wife said, turned gentleman himself. He died, in six months, of having nothing to do. After the death of John Brown, his widow went to reside with her daughter; but, in Mr. Thornley's house she had no especial business, and, what was worse, no command. She was regarded by her son-in-law as a useless incumbrance at one time, and an officious meddler at another; and in little more

than a year she sank into the grave; leaving her daughter and the property obtained from the shop, which amounted to upwards of 6,000*l.*, wholly in the power of her husband.

Thornley was as handsome as before his marriage; but manly beauty is not so captivating in a husband as a lover. He was the best shot in the county, and had the best pointers; he was the boldest rider in the field, and his horse was the best leaper; his wife was the veriest household drudge. Thornley told a good story, sang a good song, played an excellent rubber at whist, and would, at any time, drink a bottle with a friend; though, to all other liquors, he preferred his own mild ale. He would sing, jug in hand, when two or three of these friends met at his house, "Dear Tom, this brown jug, which now foams with mild ale," while she, who ought to have been his "Sweet Nan of the Vale," sat, unheeded, in a corner, mending her children's stockings. On a gala day, she has dressed the haunch of venison, roasted the goose, boiled the ham and chickens, and sat at her own table, unnoticed by any one of a dozen men, whose brains were fixed on their plates and in their glasses, but who would have been highly offended if they had been called any thing but gentlemen. Her husband seldom spoke to her, unless it were to utter some sarcasm; and his guests thought her beneath their consideration. Even her son learned of his father to neglect, if not despise his mother. Her daughter had not this abomination to reproach herself with. In one thing only did the feelings of this ill-assorted pair agree, which was in their love for their daughter: Rosamond took part with neither, and was the favourite of both.

At seventeen, Rosamond Thornley was a fine, tall, rosy-cheeked, laughing girl, of no use whatever in the house. She would mount her horse, and, attended by her father, her brother, or the plough-boy, pay visits in the neighbourhood. She would walk to the town, and say half a dozen "how d'ye dos," and bring home a novel from the Circulating Library. She would dance at wakes, or race balls, or wherever dancing was to be found. She could not pass the bowling-green, which she was obliged to do in her way to the town, without seeing some young sprig of

medicine, or scion of the law, desert the green to attend her; and she could not return from a visit in the country without being accompanied by the curate of the parish, or some boisterous young gentleman farmer. Such was the life of Rosamond till she was twenty-one years of age; by which time she had laughed at, or laughed with, fifty young men, without having had one serious offer. At this time, her father, finding that the business of the farm interfered too much with his other avocations, engaged a young man to act as superintendant, and take the burden on his own shoulders.

Robert Flight was five-and-twenty. His countenance was not handsome, but it was intelligent and interesting. His education had been liberal, and his capacity was such that, if he could have restricted his efforts to one pursuit, he would have excelled in any. It was soon evident that he had formed an attachment to Rosamond. Her mother was aware of it, and did not discourage it; her father knew it not, or he would have been very indignant; Rosamond neither encouraged, nor repressed, nor cared for it, but continued to laugh as usual.

One evening, when Mrs. Thornley and her daughter were sitting together, Robert entered, and took his seat in silence. After some time, and in a voice scarcely audible, the tremendous secret was disclosed—his fervent and unalterable attachment to Miss Thornley. He dared not hope to be accepted, but he was prepared to die if he were rejected. As he proceeded, his voice became firm, and he added, with great solemnity, that he did not fear pain, and would give a proof of it. At the same moment he snatched a knife, which was accidentally lying near him, and laying his little finger on the table, he lifted his arm to strike the blow which should sever the finger from his hand. Mrs. Thornley instantly caught the arm, and the knife fell to the ground.

For some minutes they were all speechless; when, to the great astonishment of Rosamond, her mother became the advocate of her lover.

"Rosamond," she said, "you cannot doubt that Robert loves you?"

"I do not doubt it," was her daughter's reply.

"You cannot think that this is a trick designed to work upon your feelings?"

"I am convinced it is not."

"Then take my advice. I married a gentleman, and he has always treated me with contempt; marry a man who will, at least, consider you as his equal. Your father married me for my fortune; Robert can have no such motive, for ruin is at our door. And, when it comes, what resource has your father? none; for he has never laboured, and never can labour; take a man whose bread is in his own hands."

Rosamond did not love Robert Flight; but she loved no other, and never had loved any other. Pity drew her towards him, and reason and necessity seemed to impel her; she held out her hand, which he seized, and did not relinquish, till she had promised to be his. She soon after became his wife, without the knowledge of her father, and she laughed no more.

Bread was now to be provided, and it was done literally, for the father of Robert Flight had been a baker, and the son had been early initiated in the mysteries of the oven. He took a house and shop in the county town; and the fortune of Rosamond consisted of a few sacks of flour, which were given to her by her father. Nothing could be more opposite to her former way of life than the present. She seldom went out, and received nobody at home but her father, who dined with her about once a week, and ate and drank his sacks of flour twice over. She practised industry and economy, virtues she had not thought of before; and she did so from duty, not necessity, for money came to her faster than she needed it. Her husband loved her, and she was happy.

After some time, Robert proposed to his wife that they should remove to London. London, he said, was the only place for a man of spirit, the only field wide enough for great exertions, in whatever way they were to be made. Rosamond knew nothing of London, and had no objection to offer; the removal was quickly made, a baker's shop was opened in town, and much bread was made and sold daily. Robert did not insult or neglect his wife, though he was no longer in the humour to cut off his little finger; and Rosamond had no particular reason to be dissatisfied, yet she was not quite so happy as she had been. But, one morning, Robert was missing, and Rosamond formed every conjecture respecting

the cause, except the true one, which was, that he was deeply in debt, and had fled from his creditors.

Every thing in the house was seized, and the resolution of Rosamond was promptly taken. She was not entirely destitute of money, and, with her two children, she repaired to her native county, but at a considerable distance from her native village. Here she took a small cottage, and from hence she informed her parents of her situation. Her father did not visit her, and her mother could not, for she was chained to her household; but she supplied her, from time to time, with what money she could spare from the exigencies of the family. Rosamond had discovered that she was a quick and excellent needlewoman, and her own exertions, added to her mother's contributions, placed her above actual want. She passed a life without fear and without hope, fervently renouncing all mankind, and, more than all the rest, her husband.

Rosamond neither saw nor heard of Robert Flight during three years, when, one morning, she beheld him standing at her door. The shock was excessive, but she summoned her resolution to her aid, and told him he had broken the bond which had united them, and she would see him no more. There was no supplication he did not use, no promise he did not make for his future good conduct, if she would consent to live with him again. Long did Rosamond remain firm; but she looked at her children, and at length she yielded. It was well she did so; for soon after, worn out with unceasing toil and anxiety, her mother died.

During the three years of Flight's absence, he went through a variety of scenes that would almost place him on a level with the renowned Scipio, the valet of Gil Blas. One of his adventures I shall relate, as I had it from his own mouth, suppressing only the name of the ladies.

He was one day walking in France, when he observed a lady riding on a donkey, and attended by a servant on foot. There was something singular in the appearance of the lady, and something which instantly assured Robert that she was an Englishwoman. He enquired of a man at work in an adjacent field who she was; and a name well known in his own country was men-

tioned to him, and a *château* was pointed out as the residence of the lady, her husband, and their only daughter.

Robert accosted the lady in very good English, told a plausible tale of respectable connexions and unavoidable misfortunes, and concluded by stating that he was utterly destitute of the means of providing for his present subsistence, and he would be devoted to her service, if she would condescend to employ him in any way whatever. Robert was well dressed and well looking, his manner was respectful, but not mean, and there was nothing about him that could excite suspicion. The lady looked, and hesitated, and asked some questions; at length she said she wanted an Englishman of good education to read English with her daughter; that she would enter into no engagement with a stranger; but that, if he chose to make trial of the place for a month, he should either be dismissed at the end of that time, or retained and rewarded according to his deservings.

If a post had been sent from heaven in compliance with Robert's warmest wishes, it could have been no other than the one now offered him. He followed the lady to the castle, was treated as one of the family, entered on a course of reading the best English authors, and, before the end of the month of probation, was an acknowledged favourite with both the mother and daughter.

I have observed in novels that, whenever a man is situated exactly to his mind, something happens which need not have happened, to oblige him to change his place; and so it was in reality with Robert Flight. I suspect that the blame lay at his door, though this was a part of the story he did not confide to me; the fact was, the pupil became enamoured of the teacher, and the teacher became entangled with the pupil. When the reading was over for the evening, Robert frequently remained in the apartment of the young lady, where they ate a chicken together, attended only by a confidential *femme de chambre*. This brought Robert to reflection. To attempt the honour of the young lady was not to be thought of; the attempt to marry her was thought of, and probably would have been made, if Rosamond had not been an obstacle; but Flight, hardy as he was, dared not woo the granddaughter of an English noble-

man while his wife was living. One way to extricate himself only remained, and that way he pursued; he left the castle privately; his motive for so doing, and the course he took afterwards, being equally unknown to all.

After the death of Mrs. Thornley, the field sports of her husband were interrupted by the demands of his landlord; and, when these were satisfied, he was obliged to enter into a composition with his other creditors, which left him pennyless, though it fell far short of the amount of his debts. This was the time to visit his daughter; and the inn of her native village being vacant, he undertook to persuade her and her husband to enter upon it. Flight was soon convinced that it was the most eligible of all situations, and, urged by her father and her husband, Rosamond sighed and consented.

The Black Lion was not on a high road, and, consequently, not a posting inn; but it was a large house, and in a populous neighbourhood, and it was well frequented. The family was soon established in it. Flight was the oracle of the best parlour. Here he related his adventures, displayed his talents, formed plans for the improvement of the village, and the prosperity of the nation. Thornley was the dictator of the second parlour. He would probably have shrunk from the presence of any of his former friends, but none came to trouble him. He no longer sang "Dear Tom,

this brown jug," but he was still peremptory and sarcastic, and marvellously quick-sighted with respect to the faults of his neighbours.

Rosamond was caged in a spot taken out of the public drinking room, sashed on two sides, and termed a bar. From hence she unavoidably heard what men, sober or otherwise, thought fit to say to each other; from hence she issued her orders for the management of the house, and here she received the money paid by the guests. Of all the vicissitudes of Rosamond's life, this was the most degrading, the most repugnant to her feelings; fortunately for her, it did not last long. A maiden sister of Thornley's died, and judiciously bequeathed her fortune to her niece in preference to her brother.

The family is now independant, and is removed to a distant part of the kingdom, where Rosamond has the rare firmness to withhold her money from her father's extravagance and her husband's projects. Having repeatedly assailed her without success, they submit to be tolerably happy; though not without occasionally murmuring at her not allowing them to bring themselves into difficulties.

Rosamond has a fine family of sons and daughters. She advises her sons To Marry, that they may *have* slaves; and she advises her daughters Not to Marry, that they may not *be* slaves.

THE BANNER OF ST. MARY'S:

THE MEMORY OF A LEGEND.

"THERE is nothing like England! in the hour of her triumph, or in the moment of her adversity; whether her step be on land, or 'her march on the mountain waves,' in her thronging cities, or in her quiet green glades—amidst her noble gifted aristocracy, or her free bold peasantry—truly there is nothing like England!"

These thoughts swept proudly over my mind one bright spring Sabbath, as I wound slowly up the side of a hill, towards a country parish church, which, surrounded by its embowered village, stood on the summit.

The country around this village was lovely, and its loveliness was of that kind which we delight to call exclusively English. Green shady lanes between high banks, swelling fields richly wooded, neat cottages with their gay gardens, the rectory, a noble mansion, in its extensive park, and, above all, the fine old church with its yew trees, and its lofty spire. Oh, it was a noble view—a rich laughing prospect! I think I am capable of deeply feeling the stern magnificence of mountain scenery, or the boundless grandeur of the ever changing sea, or the secluded loveli-

THE FIRST MAN IN TOWN.

THE first man is come to town! Spite of frost and fog, fashion's incipient man has been seen in Saint James's Street! In the dusk of the evening a mud-bespat-tered britschka, with lamps, and four post horses, was seen to drive furiously towards Grosvenor Street; in it reclined a cloak-enveloped form, in a new-fashion-
ed travelling cap, shaped like an old-fashion-
ed night cap (a long bag with a tassel at the end); and the next after-

noon, a well-known handsome face, am-
ply furnished with whisker and moustache,
complacently displayed itself at White's
window.

'Tis January, and what *can* have brought him to town? Has the Brighton season prematurely waned, and does he vote her Almack's sombre? Is Lord Hertford gone to Italy, and are the hospitalities of Belvoir at an end? Is there no hunting at Cheltenham? No dining at Bath?

Are private theatricals under a cloud, and has Lord Normanby snapped up all the amateur actors, to secure supernumeraries for his company at Florence? What *can* have brought the first of men so soon? None of his acquaintances are arrived; every bird of his feather is folding its wing in the country! 'Tis the season when rural mansions are in fashion. The fields are all brown and dreary; the roads are muddy; the trees look like dead faggots; the wind whistles round solitary dwellings, and lists, sand-bags, and large Indian screens, in vain oppose the chilling drafts that insinuate themselves through every aperture. All the world is in the country. Town houses are dark and desolate, curtains are folded up, carpets are rolled up, and dining-room blinds are *en papillote*. It is an awful time of year (this same merry Christmas!) for a man to be in London all alone: only a male domestic or two in his father's great large mansion; and only his own suite of apartments hastily dusted out, *tidied*, and warmed, by the ancient female who has for months been the solitary inhabitant, the guardian angel of the premises. All the rest of the house is cold and dark; and the cook is in the country, which is a serious evil. Like ourselves, the old female said to herself, "What *can* have brought him to town?"

One word will answer the question—and that word is *CAPRICE*.

He has left his father's house full of rank and fashion; but every one was too fully employed with the interesting pursuit of self-gratification to think of *him*; and as his own pursuit, the perpetual dance of attendance on the wife of an intimate friend, had ceased to charm him, she having, with her customary inconstancy, bestowed her smiles on *another* intimate associate of her husband, the *cavalier seul* resolved to dance after her no longer, but ordered post horses, threw his travelling cloak around him, and became "The first Man in Town!"

The party at the family mansion wondered what was become of him, and the next minute he was forgotten.

Whom has he left behind him? The great, the powerful, the master spirits of the age. Those who are influential in guiding the manners and the morals of

the people: who are so deeply conversant with the principles, and so sincerely interested for the welfare and stability of religion, that to *them* is delegated the power of altering, improving, raising up, and pulling down all that their forefathers held most sacred, and most immutable. And these are their hours of relaxation! Of course 'tis an *otium cum dignitate*. What are they about? Openly intriguing with other men's wives; setting a fashion, which meaner spirits may follow with facility!

Of what political party are these great folks? Of none in particular. Prince's Mixture was a good name enough for *snuff*, but Duke's Mixture is a thing *not* to be sneezed at. Whigs and Tories are now Siamese youths, running about linked together in brotherly love, connected by a pound of flesh cut from the constitution!

But we are forgetting the first man all this time. What is his costume? Doubtless he is a walking original of a picture in that elegant work, "The Gentleman's Magazine of Fashion." With a "cerulean coat, a Scotch plaid cloak with a blue plush lining, boots with pointed toes, lemon-colour gloves, pale fawn trowsers, a hat, with one side higher than the other, and an umbrella of myrtle-green *gros de Naples*!" No such thing; the first man is a gentleman, and not a man-milliner.

Neither does he exhibit himself in a rough beaver great coat, wanting only an oil-skin cape to entitle him to a situation in the New Police. Nor has he an immense cloak lined with scarlet, which he throws over one shoulder with *studious carelessness*, and then perambulates the streets like a mad Coriolanus. The first man delights not in walking about London in a fancy dress.

But now he *is* come to town what will he do? At this time of year that is a desperate question.

He orders his Cab, and drives that dark green *monosyllable* along Pall-Mall to look at the improvements. And splendid indeed they are! If our fathers could arise, and roll silently and smoothly from Portland Place to the spot where Carlton House once stood, could any powers of persuasion convince them that they had passed over the Swallow Street, and the

other nameless horrors which they remember? How splendid are the new club houses, and the new streets adjoining them! But are they, like some other of our recent buildings, to exemplify in some half dozen years the frailty of all earthly beauties? We hope not. Number twelve, Waterloo Place (the late Athenæum Club House) has long shown the instability of modern architectural affairs; the floors have trembled under the pressure of every foot; and we hope the new cheap Literary Club, about to take possession of the premises, have insured their lives.

Look at the Quadrant, too: rotten timbers actually threatening to fall on the foot passengers; and some of the inhabitants prematurely obliged to *prop* their property! And this is what we call one of our *new* streets! No wonder the *old* ones are in a tumble-down condition. Go to Long Acre, and some of the adjoining streets, and, indeed, to nine streets out of ten all over the metropolis, and you will see houses standing on wooden legs; or beams placed across the street from house to house, to prevent neighbours from going to loggerheads with one another! It has become evident that we build our habitations as children build with cards; for if one house is taken down, down tumbles its neighbour (like the Old Guards' Club House), unless proper precautions have been taken with buttresses and other strengtheners. London looks, in fact, as if it had been lately visited by an earthquake; and every street rivals the Strand, and has its *Somerset House*!

The first man may now go to the theatres (of course he never has time to do so in the season); and Fanny Kemble will be his first object. The greatest trial that gifted girl has had to contend with, is the *apparent* puffing, the injudiciously high-flown panegyrics of the newspapers. This is easily accounted for: hundreds were dependent on the success of her first effort, therefore, hundreds were interested in making her *début* a popular hit. She was at once a Siddons; no one even named O'Neil; this young, gentle girl was to be received as the immediate successor to the long vacant throne of her aunt. Fortunately, every sensible person must be aware, before they go to see her, that it is *physically* impossible she can be

No. 62.—Vol. XI.

now all that splendid woman *was*; but she has genius, and feeling, and confidence in her own powers; and she *may* be all that silly newspaper critics say she *now is*.

We do not wish to compare Fanny Kemble with O'Neil; let her admirers say what they will, Fanny cannot *now* stand the comparison. But *such* a comparison would be odious. Miss O'Neil had a theatrical education, and her earliest years were spent in theatrical *practice*, and the result of that practice, after many years, was perfection. Before she appeared in London, she had played in half the country towns in Ireland; and at one place on the northern coast, the pretty elegant girl called on the family of a nobleman to solicit patronage, and went off highly delighted with an old ball dress which was given to her by the ladies. In the evening the fair Juliet appeared in that very dress. That Fanny Kemble should triumph as she does is wonderful, coming at once from the retirement and the reserve of private life: we saw her dancing a quadrille last season, when she little dreamt of going mad as Belvidera, or clasping the dead body of Romeo. She is a charming talented creature, but let us not so soon forget *HER* who was the goddess of our idolatry.

There is now, alas! no Miss O'Neil, but there is a Mrs. Becher, who is handsome, and fascinating, and the idol of her husband's family. In person she is improved, being *rather* fatter, and her voice, her incomparable voice, is as charming as ever.

She is the mistress of a beautiful place in Ireland, and strange to say is most happy when in retirement. There was a rumour that she suffered from a complaint in her eyes; there was never the slightest foundation for such a report: she is most fortunate in possessing a happy home, a husband who is devoted to her, and several healthy children. We must not so soon forget her: and as we have lost her for ever, the assurance of her health and prosperity ought to be most interesting to us. For a very short period during last season she was to be seen at an hotel in Dover-street.

Thoughts, that in some degree resembled these desultory observations, passed

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through the mind of the first man as he sat in Covent Garden Theatre. Besides which, he said to himself, "What a treat is Charles Kemble's *Mercutio*! and what a punishment is his *Pierre*! Such an object as he makes of himself too." Then what on earth has come to Farley, and all the pantomime people! At Covent Garden by way of *attraction*, we have views of St. James's Park, Covent Garden Market, the Spread Eagle in Gracechurch-street, the Thames near Vauxhall Bridge, the Argyle Rooms, and the Bazaar in Oxford-street! The originals of which we can approach and carefully examine at our leisure, any day in the year. And the Dioramas, too, beautifully executed as they are, let the managers ask the little boys and girls just come home for the holidays what *they* think of the matter, and they will one and all declare, that a pretty picture is one thing, and a funny pantomime another.

Comedy seems to droop at Drury Lane, so the first man takes refuge at the Adelphi, where fun is kept alive by *animal spirits*; and the Siamese elephant holds up Mr. Hemmings by the waist, in a style which to us would be any thing but agreeable. He next visits the theatre in Tottenham Street, where some of the Haymarket company are acting with success. Pretty, plump Mrs. Waylett, sings ballads beautifully, Vining is incomparable in his line, and Williams testy, and passionate, and droll. The first man was there in Christmas week, when Waylett was ill, and the new piece seemed to be brought out with the entire *weakness* of the company; Miss A. Tree was elegant as usual, and sang and played delightfully. There were also a Miss Levi, and a Miss Absolom, who were, of course efficient supporters of any author's *Jew d'esprit*.

The first man is in a fright about the Opera: "Of course there will be none next spring," says he to himself, "and what *are* we to do without it?" The first man's fears are natural: every paper announces the losses of Laporte, and, of course, a man who has lost by a speculation one year, will be glad to get out of it the next, and no one will be very anxious to become his successor. No such thing! The disinterested public-

spirited sufferer, the loser of thousands, is at it again! and (all out of love and regard for the public!) will open the Opera House, and run the risk of losing thousands more! And this from a foreigner too! The public ought to be very grateful.

The first man drives home again, and for the evening, literature must be his resource; and for a fashionable individual, a fashionable novel will be the most appropriate. Colburn is the prince of publishers. His magazine is the inflator by which the fame of his novels is blown about the provinces. They are advertised as forthcoming one month, and elaborately reviewed the next; and from Pelham to Geraldine of Desmond, from Granby to the Exclusives, all are pronounced inimitable in their way!

For Readers of Fashion there is now a very excellent list of aristocratic volumes. Moore's *Life of a Lord*, a book that must interest every body; and the *Life of Belisarius* by a Lord, which, though not very interesting, is a work displaying much talent and research.

High Life is now threatened with serious exposures. There was a time when Commoners of very low degree used to sketch what they called the upper circles, and deriving their notions of what was going on from casual and very superficial glances, obtained by standing on tiptoe in the street, opposite to some Mansion illuminated for a Ball, or by peeping through the street-door key-hole. But now the very Lords of the Creation turn king's evidence, and a Peer puts the *Follies of Fashion* into a comedy!

The peerage is now graced by many names that would be eminent for literary talent, were they *not* ennobled by rank. Porchester the poet, Mahon the biographer, Glengall the dramatist, Normanby the novelist, Alvanley the wit, Nugent the historian, and Morpeth, and Dillon, and Oxmantown, and many others distinguished for their successful cultivation of literature and science. There used to be a vulgar saying, "It's very well for a lord!" Byron long since made that obsolete; and our young noblemen seem vying with each other, who shall twine most laurel leaves round his coronet.

We must leave the first man to amuse

himself as best he may for the present ; February will soon pass, and then March winds and April showers, having, as usual, brought forth May flowers, fashionables will fly from the vulgar fragrance of rural meadows, and our solitary friend will be surrounded by associates. We shall *then* call him "The First of Men," and shall, perhaps, accompany him to the park, the exhibition rooms, the boudoir of the belle, or the opera box of the dowager. He shall tell us what new sylphs glide in the gallopade at Almack's, and what fresh wall-flowers bloom at Somerset House, in

place of the Richmond rose and Macdonnell heart's-ease of last year.

Alas ! we have mentioned the works of the artist ;—where now is He who produced them ? The tasteful, the intellectual Lawrence now lies beneath the marble pavement of St. Paul's ; and when the Exhibition Rooms are again open, who will not sigh for the late President ! A host of talent still remains : but while we do justice to the claims of Pickersgill and others, it will be long ere we forget poor Lawrence !

P. P. C.

THE ABSENTEE.

I WAS sitting at the window musing upon the sublime mysteries of the weather, and impatiently longing, on a July evening, for the approach of summer, when the entrance of a stranger interrupted the vote of censure which I was passing upon the weather, and terminated a reflection upon the intense and increasing attraction that subsists between Englishmen and umbrellas.

There was nothing very remarkable in the figure of my visitor—as far, at least, as it met my view through the folds of a cloak, which the dampness of the evening rendered not unseasonable. His features, however, were characterized by an air of frankness and intelligence that would have interested a physiognomist; and his manner might be said to indicate at once the modern follower of fashion, and the disciple of philosophy. Over all was cast an expression of earnestness, and perhaps of enthusiasm, that gave somewhat of a romantic interest to his demeanour, and

excited in no slight degree my curiosity respecting the motive of his visit.

Before I had time to inquire what this motive was, the stranger, bowing with the air of a man from whom an explanation is expected, addressed me.

“Mr. Smith, I believe?”

I bowed in my turn—with the air of one who cannot deny a proposition.

“Mr. John Smith?” pursued the stranger in an inquiring tone, and with suitable emphasis; as though his knowledge of mankind had led him to suspect that there might be more Smiths than one in the world.

This point being settled, he proceeded.

“In the year 18—, you were, if I am not mistaken, a student of ——?”

I replied that I was, and begged him to be seated.

The stranger declined the proffered chair, and, carelessly resting one arm upon the back of it, resumed his notes of interrogation.

"You were, if I recollect rightly, a pupil of Mr. —? I was at that time a fellow-student of your's; but fate has since compelled me to abandon the field of my youthful labours, and forbidden me to culture the hopes and promises that were then and there planted. Raphael is now no more to me than Shakspeare—I should as soon think of following Milton as Michael Angelo. Art is only interesting to me as a representation of nature—she had attractions of her own once. But I am forgetting the object of my visit."

I again asked him to take a chair.

"In the autumn of the year I have mentioned," continued my visitor, without noticing the invitation—"it is a long time ago, and circumstances may have driven such an event from your memory—but, about the autumn of that year, you lost—"

"I did," said I, interrupting him; "you are perfectly right; I am far from forgetting it. But it was a distant relation. Her property has been nearly swallowed up by a raging law-suit. You bring me perhaps intelligence upon this subject?"—and I once more pointed to the vacant chair, and fancied that I recollected having seen his face before in the three per cents. office.

He smiled, and shook his head gently. It was not exactly like Lord Burleigh's shake; but it plainly intimated that I was mistaken in my surmises.

"The loss which has at length procured me the pleasure of this interview is not of so important a nature as you seem to anticipate. Indeed, among the events you refer to, it is more than probable that you have entirely forgotten it. This prologue may appear ridiculous, because the circumstance I am about to mention is trifling; but trifles are of importance when identified with principles. About the period stated then, in one of the rooms in Somerset House, you left—or in plainer language lost—did you not?—an umbrella?"

"An umbrella!"

"Yes, Sir—a green umbrella?"

"It is possible," I replied, somewhat disappointed, "that I may at some time or other have sustained such a loss; but whether in the Strand or at the Pyramids,

is a mystery which it would be difficult to unravel."

"Not at all," answered the stranger; "the umbrella that I allude to was yours; your name was engraved upon the ivory handle."

Two or three minutes' meditation sufficed to call to mind some recollection of the occurrence; and I confessed therefore without affectation to the loss.

"I have been," resumed the stranger, (without stating why the eventful umbrella was detained in the first instance, but leaving me to infer that it fell into his hands)—"I have been in ill health, and was for some years absent from England. This must be my excuse to you for not waiting on you before. I do so now for the purpose of requesting that you will state what you conceive to be the value of the umbrella, and that you will allow me to pay you for what was unquestionably yours."

I was so startled by this proposal that I made no immediate reply to it; and before I could pronounce my resolution not to hear of such an arrangement, my inquisitor had made another attack upon my memory, by asking whether the umbrella was a cotton or a silk one.

Here a little difficulty arose. If I described it as a silk one (which I was certain it must have been, as I always detested those of a contrary quality) it was increasing its value, and might look like a desire for remuneration: to confess on the other hand to cotton, would have been a triumph over pride too philosophic for my spirit. I saved my decision by pleading shortness of memory.

This forgetfulness, however, was by no means satisfactory to my conscientious fellow student. I could only reply to his urgent offers of indemnification, by assuring him that, as I had never wanted what was lost, I considered upon Othello's principle that I had not lost anything—that having once forgotten the circumstance, I could not think of receiving a recompense for recollecting it—that I had purchased several umbrellas since, in place of the absentee; and lastly, that I considered myself fortunate in the loss, as it had obtained me an introduction to one who had evinced so fine a perception of the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*.

My arguments were without avail; he persisted and I declined. The contest might have lasted until this moment, had not the stranger, finding my negatives invincible, thrown upon the table a piece of gold, and, scarcely allowing himself time to articulate a hope that the amount would repay me for the loss, darted suddenly down stairs.

"Stay," I exclaimed—"but one moment."—And my curiosity to know who he was having considerably increased, I rushed rapidly after him, and caught the echo of his "good night! good night!" mingled with the sound of the opening door. "I cannot suffer you to leave this—I really must not allow—at all events, let me know to whom I am indebted for—" and I found myself at the foot of the stairs alone.

The stranger had vanished.

The reader will hardly know whether to regard this story as a piece of fact or fiction. If he considers it to be fabulous, he will marvel at its want of interest; if he has faith in its verity (as it is certainly true) he will recognize the action of a principle, as profound as midnight and as old as the stars. One or two points, we think, may be found in it that would furnish a chapter for a metaphysical inquiry. The mysteries of human nature, the motives that govern us, are subjects on which we cannot speculate too deeply: though we gain nothing by the throw of the dice, we may at least make sure of the pleasure of the game. We would give something to hear Mr. Coleridge romance and reason upon this matter. How would he opine and conjecture concerning the umbrella! and how would that faithful accompaniment of the four seasons expand above his mounting imagination, and descend again to the earth like a parachute! His mind would suggest a thousand reasons for its detention at first by the party finding it; and would resolve within itself whether it was taken by mistake or by design. He would enlarge upon the similitude, in age, colour, and appearance, of one umbrella to another, glancing at the same time at the infirmity of the human vision, and thus demonstrate the possibility of mistake. He would then enter upon a speculation

concerning the health and habits of the supposed finder; he would settle the point, whether he was labouring at the time under a rheumatism or a new coat—both of which, he would shew, are affected by a shower of rain; and then, with a moral reflection upon the selfishness of our nature, and its openness to temptation, he would point out the probability of design. But this would be done "in conscience and tender heart;" the mildness of philanthropy would be made to temper the majesty of philosophy.

He would then proceed to paint the effects which attended the finding, or making free with, an umbrella that had its owner's name on the handle. The feverish regret of a sensitive mind, the unavailing wish that it had been returned the next morning with compliments and thanks, are poetically pictured. A being is described flying from towns and cities, where every shower only presents painful reminiscences, and re-awakens remorse; yet beholding in the green fields, where he seeks repose, the colour of the object that torments him. He is haunted by an umbrella. He explores the regions of art: but in the sunny landscapes of Claude, in the mighty shadows of Rembrandt, he can find but one figure, one hue. The very dome of St. Paul's begets in him only an enlarged idea of an umbrella; he contemplates the oak, and fancies that umbrellas grow. He flies to the Alps—the phantom flies with him: the magnificent forms about him, the face of nature, sun, moon, and stars, are all obscured in a circle of green silk. Years roll on thus; he returns home; picks out a John Smith; pays for the unreturned umbrella of days that are gone—and is as free as air.

Our philosopher would next trace the whereabouts of the umbrella itself; wonder whether it was worn out or made over to the new umbrella-lending company; wish that Mr. Wordsworth would write a ballad upon its history; and finally shed, in imagination, a shower of sympathetic tears over an object, whose fate it is to be cast aside, and forgotten in the sunshine, and only made use of in the season of gloom and calamity. Here would be *matériel* for a sonnet.

This may be called trifling—building palaces of cards; and we may be censured

for supposing, even "in jest," that a man of genius would waste the brilliant light of his imagination upon so blank and barren a theme. In celebrating our fanciful revels, however, we sometimes stumble accidentally upon some subtle truth that had previously escaped our search. It was only by laying down straws that the renowned hero of our early veneration caught his giants.

How would our story bear the analytical attack of another order of intellect? We will consider it as it stands, divested of that glow of colouring and grace of drapery which at once adorn and disguise it. Let us contemplate the subject for itself. An umbrella is lost—we will not stay to consider the heedlessness of human nature—but state simply that it was lost. Well, all hope of recovering it had passed away, all remembrance of it had ceased. It had dissolved, like a cloud-capt tower or a gorgeous palace. No vestige of it remained for the moralist to muse upon, and say, "this was once an umbrella!" Its bones were re-united in dust to the whale that supplied them; not a trace of its existence could be found; and the amount of the reward offered for it, if any, had ceased to have a place in the memory of man. It had been swallowed up as by an earthquake. It was an umbrella formed upon Bishop Berkeley's system—it was nothing. It was like the air-drawn dagger of Shakspeare—an umbrella of the mind. Thus far all is common-place. But after a lapse of many years, when the unsuspecting world lies wrapped in the shadows of evening, and the chill shower descends, a being suddenly appears, whose mind, regardless of the thousand expanded umbrellas around him, is occupied by one only—the identical one that had disappeared like a dream so long before. Weary and wet, but firm of purpose, he finds out its owner, enters upon an explanation, insists upon paying for it, and vanishes as mysteriously as the object of his interest had done before him. This is briefly the case; and here, we think, a rich field is thrown open for moral research. If the tale begins with the superficial, it terminates with the profound. It will slip through your fingers, perhaps, at first, but you will find the Gordian knot at the end.

Man is a mistaking animal; the loss is therefore easily accounted for. To take, is human; to return, is hard. He is, also, a forgetting creature—the victim of a short memory. His mind is not a memorandum-book. His faculties are not calculated for accounts; his desires are not regulated by dates. He has something else to do than to travel through life, taking notes and copying inscriptions. His ambition is an eagle, not a tortoise. He cannot stop to ponder upon a mushroom when he is destined to climb mountains. Hope, envy, love, jealousy, and fear, are crowding into his mind perhaps at the same moment; there is no room, amidst the conflict, for an umbrella. The weakest, according to the proverb, goes to the wall. Was Milton stopped in his sublime course by the recollection of a milk-score?—or did Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the Vatican, while contemplating the glorious achievements of art, dream that he was catching cold and losing his hearing? He had no prophetic glance of the trumpet which he afterwards "shifted," when they talked of "their Correggios and stuff." Our existence is too active, too hurried, to pause for trifles. It resembles one of Napoleon's marches—close, sudden, rapid, and resistless. Moscow is before us—not a mole-hill. Our feelings, thoughts, prejudices, travel *en masse*; we have no time for details.

It is clear, then, that an umbrella, borrowed, or mistaken for another, can never be restored. The constitution of the human mind, and the state of society, forbid its return. Like woman, if it once goes astray, it is lost for ever. And yet, while we have proved that it ought to be forgotten, we have related an incident that looks very like an exception to our rule. It is true, the umbrella was not returned; but the value of it was—and after a lapse of time sufficient to wrap a prime minister in oblivion. This is the pivot upon which our astonishment turns. We do hope that a great man's memory may outlive his life half a century, without building churches. If certain pieces of silk can thus "look green" in thought, and survive the wreck of years, the paths to immortality will be thronged with passengers. Strange, indeed, that a recollection of such materials should have triumphed

over the tooth of time and the bolts of sorrow ! Persons have been known to forget the nature of their crime before the term of their imprisonment has expired ; but here the remembrance of a mere trifle becomes a part of the mind itself. We cannot but think that, if the money had been enclosed, or an anonymous umbrella forwarded to the loser in place of his own, the effect would have been better ; but, after all, it would have been less dramatic, and the moral might not have come out so pointed and palpable. Again, while we admire the conscientious de-

licacy that prompted payment at the eleventh hour, we must not conceal from ourselves that these extrarordinary memories may be productive of considerable inconvenience. Unhappy should we be if the individual, whose visit we have above recorded, owed us a grudge ! It would certainly be paid—in the year 1850. We offend him at school, and he calls us out when we can scarcely hobble on crutches. A dip in Lethe is sometimes the best remedy that can be prescribed for the unhealthy passions of mankind.

THE BANNER OF ST. MARY'S:

THE MEMORY OF A LEGEND.

"THERE is nothing like England! in the hour of her triumph, or in the moment of her adversity; whether her step be on land, or 'her march on the mountain waves,' in her thronging cities, or in her quiet green glades—amidst her noble gifted aristocracy, or her free bold peasantry—truly there is nothing like England!"

These thoughts swept proudly over my mind one bright spring Sabbath, as I wound slowly up the side of a hill, towards a country parish church, which, surrounded by its embowered village, stood on the summit.

The country around this village was lovely, and its loveliness was of that kind which we delight to call exclusively English. Green shady lanes between high banks, swelling fields richly wooded, neat cottages with their gay gardens, the rectory, a noble mansion, in its extensive park, and, above all, the fine old church with its yew trees, and its lofty spire. Oh, it was a noble view—a rich laughing prospect! I think I am capable of deeply feeling the stern magnificence of mountain scenery, or the boundless grandeur of the ever changing sea, or the secluded loveli-

ness of those sweet valleys which hide a world of beauty in their green recesses. But the majesty of the everlasting hills "sits heavy on the soul," and the booming sound of the wide waters speaks mournfully to the feelings, and the fair valleys seem to set bounds to the mind's aspirings, and to pen it within their narrow limits. But the prospect of a wide, fertile, wooded champagne country, cheers the heart, and sets the spirit free. It tells us of man co-operating with the beneficent scheme of nature for the general good—it speaks to our sympathies by spreading before us the rich gifts which are offered to all, and which are enjoyed by many. And once more as I gazed on the fair extent of field, hedge-row, and copse-wood, glowing in the beams of a May sunset, and rejoicing in their own richness—I said within myself, "Italy has her classic traces and her cloudless skies; Germany her Rhine with its thousand castles; Switzerland her mountain grandeur; but there is nothing, no nothing, like my own England!" And with this thought swelling at my heart, I passed under the low-browed archway, and stood within the church. Its interior was very ancient, but in perfect repair. There were centre and side aisles, nave and transept—the lattice railed off into the private chapels of two neighbouring noble families—there were monuments and hatchments of the noble departed—cushioned pews and blazoned prayerbooks for the wealthy living. There was a banner taken on the field of Cressy, and dedicated to Him who judges battles, which, suspended before the altar, flung its sweeping folds upon the pavement; and last and best, there was the village congregation, from the grey-headed man in his green age, to the rose-bud girl and the chubby child, with their characteristic countenances upturned in thanksgiving. There they stood, the very *beau idéal* of the peasantry of a free enlightened country, their rustic costumes forming a picturesque contrast to the lofty arches and clustered columns, laying their simple unreasoning reverence and childlike trust upon the altar. And as I stood amongst them gazing on their quiet devotion, and their healthy, happy faces, I repeated to myself, "there is nothing like England!"

The benediction was pronounced, the congregation separated; but as the church

was not closed, I lingered, dwelling on its monumental inscriptions, some with their long columns of recorded titles and virtues, others with the few simple words which tell such a tale of the desolation of survivors; and the greater number rounded off with morals so unexceptionably excellent, as to be liable to one objection only,—they were all alike! In one of the chapels I observed the figure of a knight in armour rudely traced on the flag-stone of a vault where he, "sheathed in his iron panoply," doubtless rests below! While I stood looking down upon this grim record of the departed, striving in vain to decypher a letter of the defaced legend beneath, the outlines of a tale which I had heard came back so vividly on my fancy that I seemed to be conscious of the present and to become identified with the past. Busy groups flitted around me, and glad voices sounded on my ear until my imperfect recollections arranged themselves into a fair pageant, which swept so distinctly before me, that even now I could cheat myself into a belief of its reality.

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There was mirth and revelry in the little town of St. Mary's, on May morning, 1347, for the fairest heiress in proud England was to be wedded that day, and the bravest king in Christendom should give away the bride. Knights and ladies, scarfs and banners, heralds and pursuivants, fluttered gaily in the bright sunshine, and crowded the village street. There was a laugh on every lip and a jest on every tongue. It was a godsend to the gossips, that gay bridal, for there was the splendour of the court, which had taken up its abode in the bride's castle, hard by, to grace the ceremony; there was the gay cavalcade of gallant nobles and fair dames who flocked thither to do honour to the orphan of De Lancey; there was the beauty and bravery of the bride, and, most wonderful of all, there was the question who was to be the bridegroom? None could make answer to this important query. If the king were in the secret, it was his majesty's pleasure to keep it. If fair Isabelle de Lancey knew, she spoke it not, but waxed thinner and paler day by day; and all beside boldly avowed their ignorance.

But it was darkly hinted, and most

loyally believed, that on the eve of the red fight of Cressy, it was proclaimed through the host, that he who should lay at the king's feet a French banner might choose him a bride among the fairest of England's daughters on his return. And when the sun went down on that day of distinction, it was rumoured that a knight with closed vizor demanded admittance to the royal tent, and, placing a banner on the ground, said, "I claim the hand of Isabelle de Lancey, and will be in the church of St. Mary's at sunset on May day to receive it!" The squires and pages would have detained him, but while the thought yet crossed their minds he was gone!

The fated hour was fast approaching, and the bridal company, in grave procession, filed into the church. First came a herald, in his gay tabard, with the arms of England embroidered thereon. Then twenty knights, fully armed. The bright sun-beams glistened on their polished corselets, as, two and two, they strode up the centre aisle, and then stood, forming a double line, facing inwards, through which the company might pass.

There was a moment's pause, when the good king, Edward III, in his armour of proof, and with his vizor up, led forth the bride courteously, in his unglaved right hand. And a brave sight it was, to see those two, the best knight in all Europe, and the fairest maiden between sea and sea. She was rarely lovely, though of woman's smallest size; and the silver veil which fell to her feet threw a pale radiance, like moonlight, round her figure. She was followed by six noble virgins in white; then came the abbot of Westminster, in cope and state, with his breviary in his hand; afterwards Queen Philippa, richly arrayed in cloth of gold, moved forward right queenly, full of grace and dignity, and surrounded by her fair maidens; and, lastly, a long train of nobles and ladies, in their best attire, came sweeping proudly behind.

It was in truth a goodly company; and as they passed on, with rustling silk and ringing steel, you might have challenged Christendom to show the like. But there was deep silence. No gallant whispered his fair partner: no noble dame bespoke her gossip. You might have heard a pin drop at the Lady Isabelle's strange bridal, so great was the stillness, save when some

knight's good sword clashed on the marble pavement as he paced along.

At length all were placed. The abbot at the altar, with his book open; while the king, still holding the bride by the hand, stood reverently before it. The queen stationed herself to the left of the king; the bridemaids ranged round the bride; and the others disposed themselves in rows on either hand.

High over their heads waved that banner, which, if hardly won, was deemed by many of England's best and bravest to be somewhat dearly bought. It flapped heavily above the herald, as, stepping forward, he proclaimed that the hour was come when he who took it might claim his reward.

All eyes were bent towards the church door in eager expectation. And so awful was the hush that men started at the sound of their own breathing, and at the beating of each other's hearts.

They had waited long, and the sun had gone down behind a dark cloud, when there arose in the outer circles of the crowd a faint whisper, which gradually swelled louder and spread wider, until it shaped itself into the words—"He is come!"

The Lady Isabelle, who had hitherto stood still and colourless as a marble statue, started and shuddered. The king's countenance changed somewhat; and all gazed toward the entrance, half in fear, half in wonder. A shadow darkened the massive archway; and a warrior of noble presence completely armed, entered alone. He wore no device; his vizor was down, and his armour was dark as a raven's wing. But while he advanced with a slow and stately pace towards the altar, there were some who trembled as a wild thought crossed their fancy. He placed himself opposite to the pale bride, and stretching forth his gauntleted hand as if to take hers—he said in a low deep tone:

"I am he who won that banner; and I come to demand the promised guerdon."

The lady seemed sorely shaken; the company shrank from the dark bridegroom; and the abbot alone retained presence of mind enough to reply.

"Sir knight," he said, "if it be as you say—it is well—the lady is yours. But there is none of England's chivalry who need scruple to declare himself: raise your vizor; set forth your name and lineage; and the ceremony shall straight proceed."

The knight gave a low laugh under the shadow of his helmet, as he uncovered his face. The church was now well nigh dark: but at that instant a beam of the rising moon streamed through the lofty window and fell full on the stranger. The bride, sinking from the king's sustaining hand, uttered a cry so loud and piercing that it sounded like the rending in sunder of soul and body. The abbot told his beads: the king and nobles crossed themselves; while the ladies, shrieking, covered their faces.

And well might they be appalled!—full well they knew those ghastly features—for they were present who had assisted to lay the brave Sir Alberick de Lancey in his bloody grave on the field of Cressy! And she—his cousin—his betrothed in secret—how fared it with him? When the first moment of panic was over, men began to

turn their eyes on the spot where the figure had stood—but he was there no longer. Yet the lingerers without were ready to make oath none had left the church.

Meanwhile the queen and her ladies gathered round Isabelle; and raising her from the ground, whispered words of comfort: but it mattered not—She was already past away!

* * * * *

The populous vision vanished from my mind's eye, as if dispelled by the wand of an enchanter. I was alone in the dark church; and the grey-headed sexton, unconscious of the illusions he was thereby breaking, or of the splendid phantoms he was putting to flight, was in the very act of turning the key in the door!

Q. Q.

ELFINE'S ROCK.

"AND what rock is that?" said I, pointing to a terrific looking elevation, which, though joined to the mainland, protruded its abrupt and fearful front far beyond all the rest. "That," said old Lucas, "that is called 'Elfine's Rock.' It used to be called the 'Black Linn,' but owing—" and here he stopped.—"Owing to what? good Lucas," said I. "Why, sir," replied he, "sit ye down here, and I will tell you the whole story; though it makes me melancholy to think of it," remarked the old man, as he wiped his eyes.

"About twenty years ago, Andrew Hainesford lived in this village. He was a rich man, ay, and a good man to boot. He had two cows, and some pigs, and the best boat for twenty miles about; yet for all that he was not proud; no, he shared his goods with his neighbours, and no one was ever seen to be turned away from his door. Sometimes, to be sure, he was apt to be a little testy or so, but it did not last long, and when once he was convinced that he had been wrong, he frankly owned and begged pardon for his hastiness. But the greatest treasure that Andrew had was his child, his only child, the lovely Elfine Hainesford, the pride of the village. I remember so well," continued the old man, dashing his hand across his eyes, "how

often I used to see her pass by my cottage—her small, slight figure, tripping—her little foot leaving no trace of its airy pressure—her bright eyes' look, so arch and blue—the dimpling smile that would pass over her face, when she saw any one she loved—and her small hat, incapable of hiding the golden ringlets that fell in such rich clusters over her shoulders. She seemed indeed a thing of another world. You may be sure she had her admirers; and the young lord of the castle having heard of her, came and saw her. To see her, was but to love her, and the young lord was so smitten that he at once offered honourable marriage to the fisherman's daughter. It was well he did, for Andrew would not have brooked, what the young lord was in the habit of offering to village damsels. As it was, Andrew was dazzled: to see his Elfine a lady, a grand lady, was far beyond his fondest wishes, or highest hopes, and he eagerly gave his consent. Not so Elfine. She disliked the proud lord, who begged her hand as though he were conferring an honour. Besides, his character was well known—that character of libertinism which too many great ones of the present day fall into. There was another still weightier objection with Elfine. Allan Kennedy was the only son of his

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Q. Q.

THE MAIDEN OF THE SLITTERICK.—A SKETCH.

Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
 And streams renowned in song,
 Farewell, ye blithsome braes and meads
 Our hearts have loved so long.

• • • • •
 The battle mound, the border tower,
 That Scotia's annals tell,
 The martyr's grave, the lover's bower—
 To each, to all—farewell.

"AND farewell, pastoral Slitterick, my natal stream—though unknown to song, except in the Doric lays of thy own simple swains; if I ever forget thy green hills, thy natural woods, and hollow vales, may my right hand forget its cunning, and my name be dishonoured in the land of my birth."

Such was the low-murmured apostrophe of a tall handsome youth, as, emerging from a thick dark grove of trees nearly concealing from view an old-fashioned, and somewhat dilapidated dwelling, he gazed with a melancholy expression of countenance over the surrounding scenery.

The approach of a lad leading a couple of horses aroused him from the painful reverie to which a farewell view of his native hills had given rise, and desiring him to proceed and await his coming at the *Netherford*, he slowly descended a narrow, serpentine path, and held on his way along the margin of the Slitterick. After walking nearly three miles, the pedestrian once more paused on catching a distant glimpse of an antique-turreted mansion situated on the top of a steep bank, overlooking one of the green valleys which adorn this pastoral district.

With sparkling eyes, and the elastic bounding step of joyous expectation, he began to ascend the steep, and leaping a wimpling burn that intersected his path, soon reached the table land in front of the dwelling of Mr. Halliburton.

But a sudden revulsion shook the manly frame of the youth, as the closed shutters, and ominous silence which reigned within and without the house, proclaimed the absence of its inmates. As he gazed, the hue of death overspread his countenance, which was quickly superseded by the

deep hectic flush of indignation, as with a firm and haughty step he retrod the rugged pathway he had so joyously ascended.

"To leave home," he ejaculated, as an intervening knoll hid the turrets of the Grange from his view, "and that, too, on the very eve of my departure to encounter the hardships of the tented field—perchance to find a soldier's grave amidst the sunny plains or olive-clad mountains of Iberia, was unkind, was cruel. It required not this marked neglect to remind me, of my fallen fortunes; for though dear as light and life to my soul be my gentle Margaret, yet never, beggared as I am, would I woo her to become the partaker of my poverty."

A tear fell from the eyes of the youth at the recollection of his blighted hopes; but, dashing away the unwelcome intruder, he hurried forward without farther delay. But after regaining the beaten track, the forlorn pedestrian was overtaken by one of the Grange domestics, who, espying him from a height as he was proceeding to Drycleugh with a letter, galloped back and placed it in his hand.

Alive only to the extatic delight of being still kindly regarded by his worshipped Margaret, the eyes of the lover wandered over the well known and dearly prized characters, without at first clearly comprehending what the letter contained. But when, on a second perusal, he learned that a hasty summons, late on the foregoing evening, had called the father and daughter to attend the death-bed of an aged relative, his heart smote him for the ungenerous surmise which the first moments of bitter feeling had wrung from his overcharged bosom.

At the inn, where he was to await the

passing of the mail, he retired to his couch at an early hour, in order to obtain a short repose before pursuing his journey. But sleep came not at his bidding; phantoms of glory floated before his mental vision; he thought of the heroes of classic story, of the glorious deeds of warlike renown in more modern days, and impatiently longed to imitate the courage and daring of such bright examples, that he might be remembered in time to come. The evils attendant on warfare—the sacking and pillaging of peaceful cities and villages—the destruction of rich harvests and smiling fields—the groans of the wounded and dying, and the tears of the widow and orphan, entered not even into the back ground of the picture!

But with all his hopes of the future—all his dreams of wealth, honours, and distinction, the idea of Margaret Halliburton co-mingled; deprived of her love, fame, fortune, nay even life itself, would have appeared valueless in his eyes.

* * * * *

Gideon Scott was the only son of the late Laird of Drycleugh, who, having foolishly entered into some extensive and hazardous agricultural speculations, became the dupe of the needy adventurers with whom he had connected himself. Day after day his embarrassments increased, and day after day he was induced to sacrifice additional sums in the hope of retrieving those he had already advanced, till the whole of his ready money was ingulphed in the ruinous concern.

From the beginning his best friends had predicted this result, and pride now prevented him from acknowledging his error and claiming their aid to extricate him from the effects of his rash credulity.

In a neighbouring town resided at this time a man who, by cunning and base chicanery, had raised himself from the lowest dregs of society, and now acted in the two-fold capacity of *writer* and banker. To this man, in an evil hour, the unsuspecting Laird applied, and sum after sum was advanced on heritable bonds, road-sets, fens, and every genus, species, and variety of security which could enhance the charges of the lender. The money thus obtained was disbursed with injudicious profusion. But the golden return

so sanguinely anticipated seemed at as great a distance as ever; in vain his wedded partner begged him, with tears in her eyes, to get rid of the concern at whatever present loss—in vain represented to him the ruin which he would draw on himself and his innocent offspring. He was deaf to the voice of the charmer, though she charmed so wisely. At length the source whence he drew his supplies began to run dry; and the heretofore obsequious banker assumed at once the character of the hard-gripping money-lender; he even coolly taunted his unfortunate dupe with the improvidence he himself had mainly tended to foster, and by which he had so largely profited.

This was too much. The irascible spirit of the Laird burst all control, and springing on the trembling writer, he raised his weighty riding whip, and would in all probability have quickly rid the community of a pest, had not his uplifted arm been arrested as by an invisible power.

The crouching and terrified wretch recovered his voice on finding the nervous grasp of his assailant suddenly relax; and his outcries soon brought assistance; but the unfortunate Laird, having in his rage burst a blood vessel, had ceased to breathe.

It was market day, and the fatal news having spread with the rapidity of lightning through the village, the door of the banker was quickly surrounded by a dense crowd. Mr. Scott was a universal favourite among his neighbours, high and low; and curses deep, though not loud, were called down on the head of the writer; loud they would have been, but the man of wealth held the credit of many an honest farmer and trader in the balance, and prudence shifted, though it could not overcome, the generous feeling of detestation which his character elicited.

In a few moments Mr. Halliburton arrived with the aged Esculapius of the village. Their stay within doors was brief; and “it is all over with our poor friend,” was their equally brief reply to the anxious questions by which they were assailed on again issuing forth.

Mounting their horses, the gentlemen proceeded to Drycleugh; but the melancholy news had outstripped their speed, and they found the widow stretched on a

couch in the first deep agony of a bereaved heart; on the floor knelt her daughter, with her face concealed in her mother's lap, vainly endeavouring to stifle the sobs which burst from her young bosom, while Gideon hung over them the mute image of despair.

No sooner was the Laird of Drycleugh consigned to the last resting place of his ancestors, than Mr. Halliburton and the brother of Mr. Scott prepared to investigate his affairs, which were found in a more deranged state than their worst fears had anticipated; for after every claim was settled, the farm given up, and arrangements entered into for the liquidation of the securities held by the banker, the family were left without other resource than what arose from the very moderate jointure secured to Mrs. Scott by her marriage contract.

No choice was therefore left to the young Laird, as Gideon was usually termed, but either to enter the establishment of the aforesaid writer-banker, ostentatiously offered for his acceptance by the great man—to become a tackman under Mr. Halliburton—or to seek fame and fortune in the service of his country.

To become the dependent of the vampire who had inflicted the vital stab which precipitated his confiding parent to a premature grave, was abhorrent to every feeling of his generous nature; his pride revolted against the friendly suggestion of the father of his Margaret; and joyfully he accepted an offered ensigncy in the — regiment of foot; and set forth, as related at the opening of our tale, for the *dépôt* of his corps, then in the Isle of Wight.

* * * *

But to return—the proprietors of the Grange and Drycleugh had been sworn friends from their school-boy days, and with pleasure they looked forward to its being still more closely cemented and perpetuated by the union of their children; nor had the altered circumstances of Gideon produced the least alteration in the mind of the survivor, except, perhaps, by imparting a more paternal character to the regard he had ever cherished for the son of his departed friend.

Fain would the good old man have cheered the heart of the youth by an un-

reserved disclosure of his unchanged intention; but Gideon was young, and his own Margaret still younger; he therefore deemed it prudent that they should undergo the ordeal of absence, and an extended intercourse with the world, unshackled by engagements, which, though honour induced them to hold inviolate, might, nevertheless, prove destructive of their future peace.

With the sorrowing relict of his late friend he had, however, no reserves, and the hopes then imparted to her desolate bosom robbed the parting with her son of half its bitterness.

Gideon Scott, without accident or unnecessary delay, reached the Isle of Wight; and having reported himself to the commandant, was installed into a barrack-room, and introduced to the mess. The novelty of all around for a while diverted his mind from the thoughts of home, and the loved friends and relatives he had left behind. But, as he became familiarized with the pomp and glare of military parade, he reverted with saddened feelings to the calm joys of his early happy days.

From the reckless, boisterous mirth of some of his associates, and the inanity and *exquisitism* of others, Gideon sought refuge in those studies connected with his new profession, or in exploring the romantic scenery around the barracks. In those excursions he was often joined by one of the lieutenants of his regiment, who, possessing a mild and imaginative disposition, preferred wooing nature in her solitary haunts to the excitation of the wine-cup or the dice-board.

In a few months, however, the monotonous and mechanical parade of a home *dépôt* were exchanged for the stirring and arduous duties of actual warfare and the nightly bivouac. The forced and wearisome march, and the battle field, which the new friends shared together, drew closer the ties by which a congeniality of feeling had from the first united them.

It is not our present purpose to recapitulate the oft-told tale of the peninsular campaigns, nor to descant on the prowess of the young friends, which, merging in the general valour of the troops, that left to their leader no choice but to conquer, was unproductive of individual fame or

promotion: suffice it to say, that from the period their *corps* joined the division of the forces at Salamanca, to the termination of the war, scarcely a battle occurred in which it bore not a distinguished part; still the friends, as if shielded by the panoply of good fortune, escaped unhurt, with the exception of some slight wounds from the thickest of the fights.

At Orthes, however, less propitious was their fate. Gideon Scott, after sharing in the changing fortunes of that day, was found dangerously wounded amidst a heap of slain, and conveyed by our victorious troops to the neighbouring village, where he lay for many weeks insensible to all that surrounded him.

On awaking from this long and deep trance, the first object he beheld was Lieutenant Malcolm, stretched on a couch near his own, his leg having been fractured by a cannon ball early in the action; and the long and wearisome hours of a protracted convalescence were greatly lightened to both by the enjoyment of each other's society.

The preliminaries of peace were in the mean time signed, and the friends, when able to travel, found no difficulty in obtaining twelve months' leave of absence.

On gaining the Nore, they hailed a packet for Leith; and having transferred themselves and baggage on board soon arrived in port, and without unnecessary delay proceeded to the north. Lieutenant Malcolm being a native of Nithsdale, the little town of Hawick was the point at which the friends behoved to separate; but so alarming appeared the debility of Gideon Scott, and so death-like his features, as he descended from the coach, that his friend, springing after him, desired the vehicle to proceed, and taking his arm supported him into the town.

"God bless you," said the invalid fervently, as they entered a parlour. "I have overrated my strength;" and, wholly exhausted, he sank into a chair, and his eyes closed in insensibility.

Malcolm, on turning to ring for aid, perceived an elderly gentleman gazing on the invalid with deep emotion; but a waiter entering, he ordered some hot negus to be brought on the instant, and again turned to support the drooping head of his friend.

After swallowing a little of the invigorating beverage, which the lieutenant held to his lips, he opened his eyes, saying, with a smile, "Thank you, Malcolm; now 'Richard is himself again!'"

"Heaven be praised," fervently ejaculated the stranger, seizing both his hands, and gazing wistfully in his face—"Heaven be praised, you are returned to us; but how sadly changed," he added, mournfully, on seeing the colour once more recede from his visage.

A few moments, however, sufficed to still the emotions to which the sudden appearance of Mr. Halliburton had given rise; and the introduction of his military friend to the worthy Laird placed them at once on a footing of the utmost cordiality.

Mr. Halliburton, having dined with the Western Farmers' Club, was leaving the inn when the voice of Gideon arrested his progress; but, wholly unprepared for his altered appearance, sorrow was the predominant feeling of his bosom at the unexpected meeting.

When, however, the invalid began to rally from the fatigue of his journey, and the still more overpowering agitation of his spirit, the Laird enjoined the friends to remain quietly where they were through the night, saying, he must hurry home to prepare the ladies for the joyful news, but would return in the morning to escort them to the Grange, at which place Mrs. Scott and Marion were on a visit.

In vain Lieutenant Malcolm talked of prosecuting his westward journey; the hospitable owner of the Grange put a decided negative on the proposition, declaring that he must positively deliver up his charge to his widowed mother, and then effect his escape as best he could from the fair damsels of the Slitterick.

Malcolm smiled in the lightness of his heart as he held the stirrup of Mr. Halliburton; and, after ordering beds to be prepared, rejoined his friend.

On reaching home, the Laird found the fair inmates sauntering before the house; when something unusual in his manner as he joined them, alarmed the maternal fears of Mrs. Scott, and she inquired, in hurried tones, whether any letters had arrived from France? Thus assailed, the caution with which Mr. Halliburton had

resolved to disclose the arrival of Gideon was put to flight, and he declared at once the truth.

Wild with joy, Marion alternately threw her arms round the neck of her mother and her friend, whose quivering lip and pale countenance were the only outward signs of the deep and conflicting emotions which agitated her bosom.

Sleepless, though from different causes, passed the night with the inmates of the Grange; and after an early and hurried breakfast, Mr. Halliburton set out to escort the friends to his mansion; but long ere it was possible for him to have reached Hawick, Marion was on the watch for his return, whilst Margaret, with a self-conquering effort, remained seated by the agitated parent of Gideon.

Several hours had passed away, and the oft interrupted converse of the ladies had given place to silence, when Marion, rushing into the parlour, exclaimed,—“He is come: but what a poor, maimed, miserable object. Oh, my brother! better had he fallen in the field;” and, shuddering, she hid her face on the arm of the sofa. “Inhuman girl,” exclaimed Margaret, her fine face crimsoning with a flush of indignation as she supported the sinking frame of Mrs. Scott; but before she had time to add another word the invalid entered the parlour, supported by the arm of his friend. Agitation had diffused a death-like hue over features wasted by long illness, which was rendered more striking by the black fillet bound across his forehead. The luxuriant curls of his dark auburn hair had been shorn off, his eyes sparkled no longer with the laughing gladness of joyous youth, and his feeble, attenuated frame spoke of long-endured suffering. Margaret could have wept—could have turned her eyes in horror from the spectral-like appearance of her early companion; but love, stronger than sisterly affection, enabled her to conceal her feelings, as with a smile she welcomed back the war-worn invalid, and, arranging the cushions of the sofa, assisted to place him at his ease by the side of his widowed parent.

In the simple inexperienced mind of Marion Scott the returned warrior was imaged as one of the most interesting objects of female sympathy; the languid one

the bronzed countenance, which spoke of hardship and toil beneath a burning sun, the scarcely perceptible halt, the slight scar, even the *dégagée* sling—the gift, perhaps, of love—all told a tale of heroism on which her young imagination delighted to dwell.

But when the reality of suffering presented itself to her view, and that in the person of a dearly-cherished brother, it at once put to flight the unreal visions of her fancy, and filled her affectionate bosom with horror and dismay.

The bereaved widow clasped her recovered treasure to her maternal bosom, and with chastened feelings breathed a mental petition that he might be spared to become the comforter and stay of her old age.

Slowly Marion raised her face, and stole a hasty glance towards the invalid: he beckoned her to approach—she rushed into his extended arms and wept on his bosom.

Margaret, followed by Lieutenant Malcolm, had joined her father in the dining parlour, that the first meeting of relatives, so dear, might be free from restraint; but Gideon unblessed, except in her presence, soon dispatched Marion to recall their friend. The lively girl recovered from the first shock which the altered appearance of the invalid occasioned, threw a deprecating glance to Lieutenant Malcolm, as Margaret Halliburton mildly reproached her for the mischief her want of self-control might have occasioned to the sufferers. That glance, and the tear which stood in her large dark eye, called forth an interest in the heart of the gallant young warrior, which no after circumstances had power to erase.

In a short time the clear air of his native hills, the cares of affection and friendship, but especially the sweet smiles of Margaret, exerted their sanative influence on the debilitated frame of Gideon. The hue of health gradually reappeared on his cheek, his eyes resumed somewhat of their wonted brilliancy, the black fillet no longer bound his forehead, and the scar it covered was now shaded, though not wholly concealed by the profusion of dark curls that once again clustered round his manly visage; nor did he ever recollect the wounded limb, except as furnishing a

ready excuse for accepting the proffered arm of Margaret Halliburton, as the youthful friends rambled amongst the pastoral haunts of the Slitterick.

Thus supported, would he linger on his path, till the bright cheerful laugh of Marion sounded from behind a far-off knoll, and he was alone with nature and the cherished maiden of his first young love. In such moments, the light of a joy long untasted shone in his eyes, and past perils and anticipated evil were, for awhile, forgotten. A month sped rapidly away in this free and happy intercourse, till Lieutenant Malcolm almost forgot that he had other claims on his affections, when a rather reproachful letter from his only brother reminded him of his selfish neglect. It fell like some unlooked-for and sudden misfortune on the heart of the young soldier. Now, for the first time, he discovered that he, indeed, loved the sister of his friend; now felt the bitter pang of tearing himself from the object of a first and fervent love.

With an unsteady voice he communicated the purport of his brother's letter to his friends, and declared his intention of repairing his neglect by setting off on the following morning for Nithsdale. All were loud in expressing their regrets for the privation they should sustain by his absence, except her who felt it as a death-stroke to her happiness.

As the evening drew to a close, Marion found the task of longer feigning cheerfulness impossible, and leaving the social circle, she strolled to a wooded hagg at a short distance from the house. It was a favourite resort of the young friends during the noon-day heats of summer, and she entered a natural grotto, now damp with the autumnal rains, and nearly choked up by the falling leaves; but her mind was in that state of excitement which rendered her little heedful of external objects; and, seating herself on a rustic bench, she leant her head on her hand and sank into a painful reverie. The last few hours had torn the veil from her eyes: she felt that she loved her brother's friend, and she feared that she had yielded up her young heart where it was unvalued—perchance despised. Associated with this last idea, as it rose to her mind, was a feeling of maidenly pride which aroused

her from the enervating contemplations in which she had been indulging, and with the self-conquering resolution of concealing the workings of her soul, she arose and proceeded to the house.

The friends conversing, in a low earnest tone, struck her ear as she returned through the hagg; and a certain consciousness, inexplicable to herself, made her deviate into another path. But the quick eye of love had caught a glimpse of her white drapery; and, impelling Gideon through a thicket of tangled underwood, they soon encountered the object of their previous conversation.

"Methinks my pretty sister evinces little gratitude for the cares lavished by Lieutenant Malcolm on her suffering brother, by deserting us on the eve of his departure."

"You wrong me, Gideon," replied Marion, blushing deeply; "put my gratitude to any test you please, and condemn me should I be found wanting."

Malcolm grasped the hand of the agitated maiden, exclaiming, "then let me at once dare my fate!" and when she looked round her brother was gone—she stood alone with her lover.

An explanation soon ensued; and, on their return to the house, Gideon, who had long suspected the cherished secret of the lovers, joyfully hailed, as his future brother, the dearest friend of his heart. The widowed mother of Marion feared for the steadiness of one so young and giddy as her child; but the reasonings of her friend, and the soothing of Gideon, in part allayed her apprehensions, though it was not without deep agitation she blessed and embraced the happy pair on their entrance.

This night silence seemed to have exerted an unwonted spell over the usually joyous party assembled round the supper table at the Grange, though the meditative mood of each originated from different and very opposite feelings.

Absorbed in blissful dreams of the future, sat the affianced pair; but a radiant gladness illumined their features, and a bright flush glowed on their cheeks, which strikingly contrasted with the sad thoughtful smile of Margaret Halliburton, the painful, though self-conquering composure of Gideon, and the grave and

scrutinizing glances of the worthy laird, who, for the first time, began to tremble for the peace of his darling child, and to doubt the prudence which had exposed her to such free and intimate intercourse with one who seemed to regard her but with fraternal affection.

How erroneous this judgment of the simple-hearted affectionate father! Gideon loved his daughter with a fervour and hopelessness that was fast sapping the spring of his young existence, though honour and gratitude alike restrained him from wooing the wealthy heiress of his kind and liberal benefactor, to share his ruined fortunes. Day after day he resolved to leave the Grange, yet with a lover's inconsistency he still lingered on; and Margaret, self-deceived, termed her love sisterly regard, and by her winning, unobtrusive kindness, riveted still closer those chains which bound together their warm and too susceptible hearts.

Roused, however, to a more lively sense of his desolate prospects, by the contrasting brightness of the happier fortunes of his friend and sister, he resolved to seek in absence, and the duties of his profession, a relief to his deeply-wounded heart.

The involvement of his prospects had never been alluded to since his return; but after the departure of Malcolm, finding himself alone with Mr. Halliburton, he led to the subject, by regretting that circumstances put it out of his power to add aught to the very scanty dowry of Marion. "On my own account it matters not, as I shall shortly rejoin my *corps*, and my pay is sufficient to supply all the legitimate wants of a sober bachelor like myself." A smile lurked in the mirthful eye of the laird, as Gideon began to speak, and he resolved to punish him for his want of confidence; but when he listened to the mournful tones of his voice—looked on the calm hopelessness of his pale countenance—and reflected on his honourable forbearance, the warm-

hearted old man grasped his hand, and, in the fullness of his heart, declared how long and ardently he had desired to embrace him as a son. "Go then," he continued, "and ascertain the sentiments of Margaret, of which I know nothing—should they prove favourable to your hopes, it is well—if otherwise, then—"

"Then," interrupted the impassioned youth, "then, after life will be to me a dreary blank," and rushed from the apartment.

In the garden he found Margaret; leaning on her offered arm, they sauntered along a rural pathway overhung by bramble and wild rose-bushes, loaded with their dark and scarlet fruits, till they reached a thymy bank that looked down on the Slitterick. The clear waters of this pastoral stream reflected the soft autumnal clouds intermingled with the shadows of a few scattered trees that grew on the margin; a picturesque homestead stood on a steep acclivity on the opposite bank, and the fleecy flocks ranged over the healthy pastures beyond. For some moments they gazed in silence on the peaceful scene; when Gideon said, in the low suppressed tones of deep inward emotion—"It rests with you, my early companion, whether I shall ever again look on this glorious landscape?" There was a sadness in his voice that awakened a responding chord in the bosom of Margaret; but, sacred be the blissful communion of their pure and holy affection, as, standing alone beneath the blue vault of heaven, in the solemn hour of twilight, their young hearts co-mingled.

A bright clear harvest moon had risen and lighted the path of the lovers on their return to the house, before which the laird paced with a perturbed and restless air. But one glance at the blushing happy face of his daughter removed all his doubts; he took her hand, placed it in that of her lover, and called down the choicest blessings of Heaven on their heads.

THE MINIATURE.

"WELL, then, at the command of my mother, I will marry De Walden."

"Command! a wish was simply expressed."

"Forgive me, but papa has commanded; and say, does he not treat his poor Adela with undue severity in forbidding her his presence, till a favourable answer to the aspiring pretensions of De Walden shall be returned? Surely, in an affair of the heart—in that which seals my happiness or misery for life—my inclinations ought first to have been consulted."

"Say, rather they have; say, rather I could consign my heart's treasure to the tomb, than behold her the brilliant, yet miserable bride of De Walden; but Adela," and the dignified matron bent her penetrating eyes on the beautiful girl—"Adela," she continued, "acknowledge, that on receiving De Walden's homage, but three short months ago, your now recreant heart swelled with pride; beat with reciprocal affection, while contemplating the mental, the personal graces, and, above all, the sterling worth of his character. It is in vain then you urge to the contrary. You can never persuade me but that the love of my excellent young friend is necessary to your happiness. Nay, blush not; I speak homely truths; De Walden was your first love, and perhaps will prove the only one for whom you can experience a similar attachment."

"My mother!"

"Does it surprise you, that I should have laid open the secret workings of a heart, which would deceive its owner with a belief that the momentary excitation of anger, or some fancied neglect, had created the apathetic feeling of indifference? No! consult its movements, and pause, ere it be too late, on the danger of suffering a capricious will to overrule the dictates of a noble and pure sentiment. Remember, De Walden is not to be trifled with. He is too proud to sue, when unconscious of offence: think not, then, vain girl, that thy beauty, splendid as it is, will retain him a willing captive. How often has he affirmed, it was the imperishable witcheries of heart, manner, and disposition that first moved him to love."

"Forbid the idea, that I should depreciate the merits of De Walden. But, methinks, he is strangely altered of late!" sighed Adela.

"And yet he gives you an earnest of the sincerity of his affection, by the tender of heart and hand. Do him justice, Adela, and speak with the warmth you did, when an officious friend, thinking to please you, ventured to asperse his character. How your cheek crimsoned!—your eye glistened—while, in a voice expressive of emotion, you nobly defended the name of one you both loved and esteemed."

Adela was silenced: the force of her mother's argument had struck to her heart: she felt that, if deprived of her lover's affection, her peace of mind was irrecoverably gone; but, ashamed to confess the caprice which had hitherto influenced her conduct, she sought to conceal her tearful eyes, in displacing the contents of a casket of jewels. While resting her hand unconsciously on the spring of a secret drawer, it flew open, and disclosed to her admiring gaze the miniature of a young and remarkably beautiful woman.

"I never recollect having seen the subject of this sweet miniature; and yet how familiar are its lineaments, what a lovely yet melancholy expression of countenance!" exclaimed Adela, raising her eyes, which rested momentarily on the mirror opposite, where she beheld the reflection of features so striking in resemblance to those in the miniature, that she half fancied the original stood before her.

"Oh, my Adela!" cried Mrs. Matravers, covering her face with her hands, "fain would I have spared thee the sight of that."

"What have I done, dearest mamma, that I behold you thus moved and agitated? Indeed, I am very unfortunate this morning; for I create nothing but unpleasant feelings in those I most love and revere."

"How forcibly does that look—that voice—recall to memory and friendship, my dear, but lost Sabina! Twenty years have elapsed," continued Mrs. Matravers, "since the pure spirit of the sweet subject in your hand winged its flight to a better world; and yet I never glance on the memorial of what she

once was, without experiencing feelings of the most painful and tender regret."

"Who, and what was this highly valued friend?" questioned Adela. "Pardon me if I add, my curiosity and interest are forcibly excited."

"Accident has disclosed, what time and inclination never had," replied Mrs. Matravers. "Learn, then, that Sabina Montnorris was the only daughter of my much respected guardian, the boast and pride of his heart, the joy and admiration of all in the circle of her acquaintance. From the extreme beauty of her person, joined to an uncommon sweetness of disposition, she was seldom spoken of, but as the lily of Glenronald. I was her junior by two months; and, having lost my parents a few weeks after my birth, I was early consigned to the care of her father, so that it might be said, one arm fostered, one cradle sustained us. Ours was not a friendship, in the common acceptance of the word, but a sentiment, that awaited in the world of spirits the consummation of its happiness. 'Twas mine, 'twas the blessed trust of my sweet Sabina. Years passed, and I had numbered my eighteenth spring, when our fair lily won the heart of a young and brave officer. This was the first sorrow my heart knew. Perhaps it might be deemed selfish; yet the idea of a separation was too painful for me to dwell on. Charles Willoughby, on the nuptial rite being performed, was destined to a foreign station. Much against the inclination of my guardian, who drooped at the thought of parting with his idolised child, the wedding day was fixed—the bridal paraphernalia was prepared—when the captain, anxious to oblige a favourite sister, resident of a neighbouring park, with the presence of his bride elect on the day previous to the anticipated ceremony, promised to be our escort. The period arrived, but he came not; the horses had waited our attendance a full hour, ere Sabina could reconcile her mind to the idea of setting out. The day passed, and still no appearance of Willoughby. It was in vain that our kind hostess essayed to remove our inquietude. I saw, in spite of her frequent remark, that Willoughby was a military man, that she was herself enduring great anxiety from the unaccountable absence of her brother.

"Night came, and a fearful one it was.

The elements raged furiously ere we purposed our return; and as no entreaty could prevail on Sabina to absent herself from the roof of her father at so eventful a period, we set out. Scarcely had we proceeded a mile, when we were at the foot of Glenronald-bridge; and the heavy black clouds burst, and beat in pitiless torrents on our heads. At the same time, appalling thunder, reverberating from rock to rock, seemed as though it would annihilate the universe. At one moment, the circumjacent scenery was vividly illumined by the lightning's flash; at the next, shrouded in impenetrable darkness. Looking fearfully around me, I missed Sabina from my side. Calling to the groom, he pointed in the direction of the bridge which we had just passed. The sound of horses' hoofs smote indistinctly on our ear. It was Sabina, who, as she rushed towards us, threw herself from her horse, exclaiming, 'I have seen him! Yes, in flames I have seen him.'

"'Merciful heaven! seen whom?'

"'Willoughby, hark! he even now calls Sabina! Sabina! Yes, Willoughby, I come,' she added, as, breaking frantically from my grasp, she fled I knew not whither.

"In despite of the terrific warring of the elements, I had too surely heard the unearthly accents of Willoughby, calling upon his Sabina. One appalling shriek succeeded, fearfully re-echoed by my despairing friend, who now, more dead than alive, was forcibly conveyed, through the exertions of her faithful servant, to the home of her father.

"Here we ascertained that Willoughby had been; and having assigned a call of duty as the reason of his absence, he had departed on the instant, half an hour before, for his sister's residence. A messenger was despatched forward; but as no tidings could be gained either at the park or elsewhere, we too truly concluded that some melancholy accident must have occurred. That night the agitated Sabina passed in communion with her Maker; and, when she arose from her knees, it was to array herself in her bridal dress. The morning had dawned, and on the completion of attiring, I led her, pale and speechless, to breathe the fresh air out on the balcony. 'Would that I could weep like thee, my poor Adela!' she at length whispered; 'but see,' she added, and her gaze was riveted in the distance—'see, my love is in the grave,—yonder

comes his horse, his cap, and plume, but where is the rider? Adela! I am the bride of death!"

"Thinking her intellect disordered, I slowly turned my head, and glanced on the figure of our own groom, bearing in one hand the reins of Willoughby's fiery steed, in the other his military cap. Our worst conjectures were now verified; the captain, the noblest and the best, had met with a death, the recollection of which even now thrills through my heart with horror. It was true that we had met on the bridge the preceding night; and perhaps at the moment of Sabina's recognition, in which the lightning's flash had revealed him to her sight, his spirited horse had leapt the battlements of the bridge, thrown him among the machinery of a foundery beneath, the works of which were in consequence stopt; there his headless, his mangled remains were discovered on the following morning, while his horse, which had swum to the bank, was found grazing on the spot.

"Vain would be the attempt to describe the agony of Sabina's mind, on ascertaining the fatal truth. For six months, reason slept. During the next half year her disturbed imagination had sunk into a state of morbid melancholy. At this period I married; and, accompanying my husband to the continent, I bade a long adieu to my cherished friend and her distressed parent. On my return to England, after the lapse of a few years, I hastened to Glenronald. Sabina, to my extreme surprise, was on the point of marriage with one, as different as imagination can portray from him who was to have been her husband. I saw that she suffered, and I remonstrated with her on the danger of entrusting her happiness to an individual for whom she had evidently not the slightest affection. 'Fear me not,' she replied; 'my happiness, my love, has long been centred in another world; yet I will perform the duties of a wife. My father once permitted me to follow my own inclinations, and now I marry to please him.'

"Never was there a more inauspicious

marriage. The husband of Sabina proved an infatuated gambler; and, though strongly attached to his wife, such was his devotion for the gaming table, that days would often intervene ere he returned to the home of domestic peace. Ruined in fortune, he had staked his last thousand, and lost; when the door opened, and Sabina, the shadow of what she had been, bearing her infant daughter in her arms, entered. Silence and astonishment reigned throughout the apartment, as she seated herself in the midst. 'Come!' she at length uttered, as with a wild laugh she laid her innocent on the table, 'come, proceed, I stake this; the heiress of penury and want!' 'Great heaven!' exclaimed her husband, 'her senses have fled; and I am the monster that has destroyed her.' Taking her hand, he led her passively to her home. There, in a moment of agonising frenzy, he retired to his dressing-room, and terminated his miserable existence. Of this additional calamity Sabina proved unconscious; for, though she lingered some few months after, the light of reason had been extinguished for ever."

"And what became of the infant of this unfortunate pair?" inquired Adela, as Mrs. Matravers concluded her affecting narrative.

"That dear girl lives, and is known in the person of her, who is called Adela Matravers."

"My more than mother!" exclaimed the agitated Adela, "what do I not owe you, and him I call father? On my knees receive the expression of my heart's gratitude! My life has hitherto proved one brilliant dream; little did I imagine to whom, save thee, I owed birth; but the fearful destiny of my parents has awakened me to a sense of reason and reflection; suffer me then, to retire and consecrate this day to their ill-fated memory."

Adela, the humbled Adela, became the wife of him, her heart had never ceased both to love and esteem; and as De Walden, in his wedded state, realized all she could wish, she still blesses the hour in which accident revealed the contents of the casket.

A. S.

THE OLD SOLDIER.

By W. C. Stafford, Esq.

"She loved me for the dangers I had passed;
And I loved her that she did pity them."

THE village of Bolton is one of the prettiest villages in the north of England: if you were asked why it is so, perhaps you would be puzzled immediately to give an answer: the houses are mean, there is not one amongst them to which the epithet *genteel* can be applied; on the contrary, they are all cabins, or small huts, with two exceptions (the habitations of the principal farmer, and of the village schoolmaster), and there is an air of poverty thrown over the whole, an air which is, in general, the most repellent that can possibly be conceived, but which at Bolton, combined as it is with neatness and content, constitutes a charm that renders this little place irresistibly attractive.

The country around is beautifully diversified with hill and dale, wood and water; the village church crowns the summit of one of the steepest hills, affording a pleasing object to the approaching traveller, but sadly inconvenient to the old and infirm inhabitants; who wonder what could have forcibly induced the builder to perch his edifice in such a situation. "I wonder he didn't perch it on the top of Roseberry Topping," said an old man to me one day when I was remarking upon the ineligibility of the site. The dwellings are completely sheltered from the cutting blasts of the east wind, by the hills that rise in their rear; and thus at almost all seasons the gardens and fields have a verdant hue, so cheerful and so soothing, when all beyond is bleakness and desolation.

I had several times been at Bolton; and was detained there, in the month of July, in the year 182—, when on a journey to visit a dear friend of my boyhood, by the breaking down of the vehicle in which I travelled, just at its entrance. An old soldier was the first person who came to my assistance. I had been thrown out by the concussion, and was rather stunned, and he assisted me to his cottage, whilst the servants of the farmer came up, and

took the shattered gig and the horse to their master's, in order to repair the one, and afford a shelter to the other. I was soon recovered from the effects of my fall, and enabled to look about me, when I found I was in a habitation of the humblest description, but neat and clean as the most fastidious would desire. It consisted, as far as I was enabled to observe, of two rooms; in one was a half-headed bedstead, with a flock or straw bed—I know not which; but found it so hard and rough, when I reclined upon it at the request of my host, that I was satisfied its contents could not be feathers. A large chest—probably containing the stock of wearing apparel, a table and two chairs, formed the sole furniture of this room; with the exception, that there were curtains to the windows, white as the driven snow. In the sitting-room, or kitchen, there were half-a-dozen oak chairs—one of them an elbow one; two deal tables; and the usual culinary requisites to be found in cottages. Some bacon was suspended from the ceiling; and a number of oat cakes were hanging over some strings stretched between two baulks, which supported the roof. The floor was clean sanded, and the fire-place filled with flowers. But what interested me most was the appearance of a female, who hovered about me, brought me water, rubbed my hands, and performed a hundred little delicate attentions, that none but females can perform; and, indeed, they only have the *tact* to perceive when they are necessary or acceptable. I set her down for the daughter of my host, who appeared to be about sixty years of age; hale and hearty in body, but sadly shattered in his limbs, a leg and an arm being put *hors de combat*. A scar just above his left eye, too, did not add to the beauty of his countenance, which was bronzed by constant exposure to wind and weather in many a clime. His hair (what he had) was nearly grey; but ever and

anon his eye beamed forth a spark of intelligence, that shewed he had yet some of the fire of his youth left; and proved that he *had been* what may be termed a gay man amongst the lasses. The female did not seem to be much more than half his age. Her voice was musical; she had the Madonna cast of countenance, so rarely found in cottages: her mild, blue eyes denoted a heart at ease: her arms were finely formed; and her whole figure had a pleasing and interesting appearance, though clothed in a coarse cotton dress, and therefore owing nothing to adventitious means. She seemed out of her proper element, yet made herself perfectly at home; and I gazed after her with an earnestness, which the old soldier observed, for he said, "My *wife*," laying emphasis on the word, "shall get your honour some tea, which is all the beverage we can offer you: an old soldier's pension won't allow him to regale himself with many luxuries."

"Your wife," I repeated; "why I should have thought that young woman must have been your daughter, or niece?"

"No, your honour, she is my wife; and a better never stepped in shoe leather."

"So I should think," I replied; "but," (this was said out of her hearing) "how could you contrive to persuade a girl so much younger than yourself to marry you?"

"Why, your honour, I don't exactly know; but our courtship was not a long one. We were both natives of the same town, where I was born about the same time as Mary's mother, and her family and mine were very intimate. I went into the army when a lad, but occasionally returned home on furlough, at which times I always renewed my acquaintance with the Whites, and this continued after their daughter had married. Many a time I dandled Mary on my knee, little thinking what was to happen. Well, your honour, to make my story short, after the battle of Waterloo, where I lost my leg and my arm—I received this ugly scar at Badajoz, your honour—I returned home. My father and mother were dead. I had neither brother nor sister, and should have been quite lost in the world, if it had not been for Mary's mother—Simpson her name was then. She was a widow, and her daughter a

fine lass eighteen or nineteen years of age. I took up my abode with them, and they nursed me tenderly between them, for I was somewhat rickety with hard knocks, your honour, till I became as strong and as hearty as ever I was; but they could not put on my limbs, again, your honour. Well, time passed on, and my old crony died. We buried her, and poor Mary and myself were left to console ourselves as we might. She was never a good-for-nothing gad-about. She was always steady, and sedate, and clever, your honour. She preferred listening to my long stories of what I had passed through, and my accounts of the battles I had been in, to going to the village fairs or feasts: and once, soon after her mother's death, when a scoundrel insulted her, and I knocked him down, she clung to me, with so much *energy*, your honour, that it first gave me an idea, that old as I was, and shattered and battered as my poor body had been, she would yet take me for better or worse, and I resolved to pop the question. So says I, one evening, after we had returned from visiting her mother's grave, 'Mary,' says I, 'we live a bit unsociable rather together, I think; wouldn't it be better as how, if we were to'—but I don't think I spoke exactly in that manner either. What I did say I can't exactly recollect; but she consented; and in three weeks the parson married us, and that is now near ten years ago, your honour, and we have never had a cross word or an angry look between us."

"It would be fortunate," I observed, "if all married folk could say as much."

"Ay, it would, indeed, your honour," he continued; "and so they might, if all women were like my Mary."

"And is this your native place?" I inquired.

"No. But after our marriage Mary was so jeered and laughed at, because she had taken up with a one-armed one-legged soldier, old enough to be her father, that we resolved to leave it. I had been once at Bolton, on my way from Scotland; I thought we should be quiet here, and so we have been: the neighbours all like my Mary, both old and young. I have a shilling a-day pension, and this, with what Mary earns now and then, keeps us neat and tidy, finds us plenty of bread

and cheese, tea, and sometimes a glass of ale. 'The parson frequently calls and talks to us ; the schoolmaster likes to hear my tales of battle and strife, of marchings and counter-marchings ; and the farmer lets me have wheat at market price, which he carries in his own cart to the mill to be ground, and returns it to me free of expense. I have a nice bit of garden ground, in which I manage to do a little, notwithstanding my lameness, and I am as happy as the King. Nay, perhaps, happier : for they do say his Majesty, God bless him ! leads only a queer sort of a life with them there parliament chaps and ministers up

at London. However, he keeps me, and if he an't happy, why I wish he wur, that's all."

At this moment our colloquy was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Horner, the farmer. He would have served for a picture of John Bull, for he was a fine portly figure, with a countenance in which good humour shone conspicuous. He gave me a hearty invitation to his house, and I accepted it as frankly as it was given. He confirmed the good opinion I had formed of honest Johnson and his wife ; and, if I ever visit Bolton again, I shall not forget to call upon the old soldier.

THE VISION OF CHANGE.

ASSAMIN was a simple, good-natured, cogitating youth, that knew as little of the mingled threads of philosophy, or of the ends for which they were woven, as the camels he drove knew of the texture of the cloths they carried, or the uses they were destined for. Yet he had often felt the weight and weariness of it in crossing the sands of life; and had he not been, like the camel, tolerably sure of foot, must have dropped with his unweildy metaphysical burden into the torrent where he had intended only to allay his thirst. Like the camel, too, he would have lightened his load, when he felt it predominate over his strength, by casting off a portion of the accumulating pressure; but unluckily he found it so fastened to his head, that no prostration could give ease to his movements, or erectness to his carriage.

He was the son of a merchant of Armenia, who happened to die of a devout penance rather early in life; leaving an indolent and susceptible youth to the unrestricted appropriation of some money and more merchandise. Having been accustomed to conceal the features of a naturally vivid fancy from sage and austere eyes, our youthful merchant might now be supposed to peep over the

mask into the full and varied theatre of imagination. He measured the world with his eye; he saw the gates of nature flung back, and vistas of delight every where opening before him; and then he selected some half-dozen paces of barren ground, and walked up and down pondering upon the many and mysterious limits to human happiness. He beheld on either hand the seasons of nature, and the fashions and creations of art, perpetually shifting; and he immediately sat down to ruminate on the unchangeability of things. Reveries of this kind, if they stay long or return often, are rather expensive visitors to a young merchant: they are hailstones to his corn, damp to his furs, moths in his cloth and stuffs; and accordingly Assamin, on opening his eyes and drawers, found out that he had been thinking at a very extravagant rate. While meditating, he was hourly growing older without knowing it. The wine of youth was half wasted, and discontent had soured the rest. Yet he was making no provision for the future; and the shadow of poverty was overtaking him. He who has nothing of philosophy but its tub is truly in no enviable condition; but Assamin allowed something for prejudice, and assumed that, while free from vicious

temptation, one state of life is as endurable as another—sagely deciding that if happiness is nowhere to be found, it matters little what path we seek it in. So, in a moody hour, he sold off his un replenished stock of honey and spices, travelled into another country, and after some time spent in indolent speculations upon happiness, finally took to driving the camels and bargains of other people. "For what is it to me," he reasoned, "that the ark first rested on my native mountains, if the olive-branch does not grow there? How am I to be happier here, because perchance I may have trodden on the flint-covered site of Paradise?—No; I will bid adieu to these eternal mountains, rivers and valleys. I will behold other waters and thread other woods. There will at least be a change in it—which is all I seek."

Our merchant was now poor. He had no other gold than that which shone on him from the sunny mines of the morning—no more silver than what the moon scattered so abundantly on his path—no other gems than the dews of a winterless sky; and he needed none. This made no part of his complaint. It was the dull, unvarying round—the recurrence of the same shining and shadowy seasons—the monotony of all earthly life—that pointed with infected finger even to the very heart of our philosopher. It was this that made his days languid and his nights feverish. "I care not," he would say, "if others have the milk of the cocoa and fling me the husk. It will serve to dip my water with, which is sweet, and cool, and clear. Poverty sharpens the edge of enjoyment. He that walks on the shady side of life discerns the true outline and colouring of objects; while the eye which the sun glares on, feels only a painful sense of indistinct and dazzling beauty. But I am weary of repetition—of seeing the same things over and over again. I am tired, quite tired, of going through the same daily routine—of counting the same number of footsteps to the same market—of staring at the same mosque or minaret—of meeting the same faces and exchanging the same heartless salutations. I am weary of the regular evolutions of matter, the unerring circle of things. Day after day, night after night, the same succes-

sion of undeviating and inevitable results, the same turn of the wheel, the same familiar train of wants and wishes, sun and cloud, shape and shadow. I have got every thing by heart. There is no external sound or sign by which to distinguish one day from another. The world is always and everywhere alike, and I am sick of encountering the same objects, hearing invariable questions and making invariable answers."

One morning as the light just glanced on the walls of the yet silent city, Assam led forth his camels, and proceeded along the grassy bank of a stream that flowed into a broad and beautiful valley at no great distance. There was a freshness in the air that revived him, and he turned his eyes towards the east. "It is certainly," exclaimed he, "a very glorious sight, that sunrise. What a pity that so magnificent a scene should occur so often! I have watched and waited for it so many times, that I can now look upon its brightest tints without hope or interest. It is the same I used to gaze on when a boy—and yet methinks it is less brilliant than formerly. The sun looks white and weary, and the moon that fades yonder seems wrinkled with age. The wind, however, rustles by me with the old tune, and wakens the waters into the same rippling and monotonous motion as of old. No, in all this beautiful scene there is nothing to excite a moment's surprise or pleasure—it is a mere splendid matter of course."

Thus musing, he suffered his liberated companions to enjoy the delicious offerings of the slope and stream, and strolled on towards the valley that lay still and open before him. Here he relapsed into the usual murmuring strain. "There is a sweet repose, a peacefulness, in this valley that would be grateful to my fevered heart, if I had never seen it before. But how common-place it is—how antiquated. Its loveliness has no more charm for me than the insipid damsels in yon voluptuous city, that are the same to-day, and to-morrow, and every day, until they alter and grow odious. It is a pity that to change should be to decay. These waters tempt me as little as their tears; these sounds in the air, whether of bird or breeze, are but as the hollow tones of

their voices ; these flowers that I have admired a thousand times, are now as sickly and colourless as their cheeks.—But I must up, and drive home my camels ; there they are—how like one another ! they seem cast in the same mould. And the reflection of their odd forms in the water—how exact !” And he bent over the clear stream, which was as a moving mirror of the morning, and looked upon the whole expanse of heaven with an undazzled but not undelighted eye.

There was such a sparkling novelty, such a variable beauty, spread over the reflected scene, that Assamin felt, for the first time, the bright transitions, and his heart kindled with answering colours. There appeared but a small space between him and the landscape that smiled temptingly from the glassy depths of the stream—shewing like the fairy floor of a changing and enchanted world. The descent seemed quite easy. “Alas !” thought he, “it is always thus ; night and morning, in age or in youth, the eye is caught by some dazzling delusion that turns as we draw near it into sand and stones.” Yet he kept poring upon the glittering picture below, until he saw—or did he dream it?—suddenly, a cloud shaped like a shell, sailing, not in the imaged heaven, but just under the surface of the clear current—that opened up for it a smooth and silvery pathway. And immediately afterwards he discerned a living and almost liquid form rising from the shell, and standing amidst the waters. “Perhaps I dream,” whispered the bewildered youth to himself. “I had but slight rest in the night ; and it is probable that I am now in bed, and only fancy that I am standing by this stream, and gazing on the most perfect form that ever illumined the darkness of a dream. It may be an illusion, that water stealing so lucidly over the thin uplifted arm, and gliding like a silver veil from off the fairest forehead that ever beauty showered graces upon. It is no matter—I am quite sure that I never dreamed it before ; and there is such a new and delighting effect in the vision, that I would gladly forsake the world to look on nothing else !”

These thoughts had no sooner taken birth in the mind of Assamin, than he

heard a voice unlike any remembered tone from human tongue or instrument, that addressed him thus:—“The wish that is warm within thy heart, though unuttered by the lips, has been heard by the great Spirit of Life, whose seat is in every bosom, and whose radiance I but dimly represent. The shapes of existence are more versatile than the clouds of twilight ; the feathers of Time’s wings are of all hues, and his glass has no two sands alike. But if thou art weary of the fruitful earth and the ever-changing sky ; if the winds and waters are familiar to thee ; if thou art so unhappy as to find no beauty in the visions of night, and the dawn only lights thee to the same objects in one perpetual dress—it is given thee to behold the wonders of the World of Change. Every object will take the tincture and impression of the mind that surveys it ; every created atom will visibly fulfil its mutable and mysterious office. If thou wouldst behold, trust to the waters of this enchanted stream.”

Assamin, without speaking, signified assent to this proposal ; which he had no sooner done than the waves, instead of flowing quietly on through the valley, turned from their course and crept towards him, curling round his feet and growing every moment higher and higher. By degrees he felt himself lifted from the bank, and on looking down perceived the magic bark beneath him gliding away with a trail of light through the beautiful element. How a vessel so slight should be capable of bearing him he staid not to consider, nor did any doubt of his safety interpose to damp the delightful charm of the adventure. Surprise, however, and a fear of waking from what he suspected to be a dream, sealed his lips ; and he saw the waters close over him, and felt that he breathed freely in the bosom of the stream.

As they descended, the sands on either bank brightened into gems, and emitted both warmth and light. Various kinds of fish swam about them, like living lamps ; and a multitude of shells exercised their mysterious powers of sound, in harmonious welcomes, as the voyagers passed along. All this was a novelty too singular to be regarded with any feeling short of extacy. It was an incident worth the common

events of a life-time, and Assamin was disposed to make the most of it. It was a bright link in the monotonous chain of occurrences, and bound up his whole heart in wonder. How long a time they continued to descend he could never tell; both time and space seemed annihilated. But the suspicion in his mind was that they had penetrated into a sphere peopled with visionary objects. For as the vista opened, and the little vessel entered upon a wider course, there grew up what seemed to the raptured vision of the youth an island full of change and pleasure, surpassing in variety and magnificence the colours of the painter, and the descriptive flights of poetry. As they proceeded towards it, the bark became imbued with the qualities of the place, and brightened all over with the loveliest tints imaginable. The garb and complexion of the fairy of the stream gave gradual indications of the same pervading change. The water, too, as it rolled towards the shore, assumed unusual forms, and at last turned imperceptibly into grass and flowers, clinging and waving about the fairy island. "Ha!" exclaimed the youth, "this must be the hiding-place of happiness; here at last I shall find what I never yet met with even in a dream. There is a diversity here suited to the uncertain desires of man; not a wish but is provided for; not a hope but is realized a thousand fold. Every thing is unrestricted—nothing motionless or inanimate. Already I feel the refreshing liberty of this happy place. Yes, here one may be free from the tiresome repetitions incident to humanity. The day will lighten up a perpetual display of new forms and contrasts; and night will here cease to copy the faded figures of noon."

As they touched the shore the shell changed to a car in the shape of a flower; and two silver fish, that were glistening beside it, now assumed the semblance of cameleons and attached themselves to it. Assamin was delighted both with his voyage and the vision that terminated it, but particularly with his lovely guide and companion, who now appeared habited in a sumptuous and romantic garb, and looking upon our philosopher with eyes of love and happiness. The youth admired

every thing he saw, and was enchanted with his prospect of felicity. On every side he beheld palaces and grottoes, gardens and cascades; and wherever he turned, a thousand richly-apparelled slaves knelt to pay him homage. "How is this," marvelled the philosopher; "slaves in the abode of happiness?" But his reflection was as speedily answered by another—that with happiness all conditions are alike. Already he began to form schemes for futurity. "Here," said he, after surveying the extended scenes, "I will erect a temple of delight. I will have the loveliest maidens to dance and smile away the hours, sages to discourse of wisdom, and musicians to play symphonies such as have never yet been feigned by the fancies of men." And when his eyes wandered once more over the scene, and fell upon the spot he had selected, they beheld, already erected, a magnificent building tinged like the clouds at sunset; a troop of maidens clad in white and gold, danced around him in delight, sages with flowing robes issued from the portals, and the air rang with the music of pipes sweeter than the song of birds in the summer-time. Assamin owned his conceptions surpassed by the invisible architect. "I will visit this place on my return," said he; and he passed on to admire other objects, and to invent new plans of happiness.

He proceeded with his fairy guide along lofty terraces and luxuriant avenues, and issued at length into an open space bounded by forests, mountains, and cataracts. Under the shade of a tree lay an aged beggar, his features squalid, and his limbs shrunk and withered. "Is happiness consistent with such a state as this?" thought he. "Yet being happy, neither youth, health, nor riches, can add to enjoyment. I will try him with gold." And he took a handful of pieces from a purse which was brought to him, and flung them to the beggar. But what was his surprise to see the gold, as it gleamed on the grass, acquire life and motion. The coin which he had given turned to fire-flies and diamond-beetles. By degrees, also, the vest of the mendicant changed—it was no longer ragged but rough—his hands lengthened into claws—his features lost their human character—

and Assamin discovered that he had bestowed his sympathy upon a huge ant-eater, who proceeded to devour with great avidity the alms that had so mysteriously received animation. "This is amazing," he exclaimed, turning for explanation to his guide. But at the same instant the meaning of the metamorphosis occurred to him. "You warn me by this scene," said he, "that the means of dispensing blessings are not to be wantonly used, lest the life that is in them be annihilated; and that idleness, like the ant-eater, is a creature whose cravings are incessantly satiated with the lives of the well-governed and the industrious."

They now advanced to the borders of a forest, extending itself along the side of a mountain whose height seemed beyond calculation. "Could I ascend," said the youth, "to yon cloudy point, I might survey at a glance the whole region of happiness." As he spoke an antelope came bounding from the forest, and lay down before him, inviting him to mount. This offer was no sooner accepted than the animal darted away with him up the steep slope of the mountain; until, arriving at an opening, Assamin turned to look upon the landscape below him. Instead, however, of golden palaces and gardens, he saw nothing but a vast moor, encircled by a thick mist, which he presently discovered to be the smoke issuing from a field of battle. Musing upon this strange prospect of happiness, he was about to descend, when he found that the animal moved at a much slower pace, and at length scarcely seemed to stir beneath him. He then perceived that what had seemed to him an antelope wild as the winds, was a large lazy tortoise almost incapable of motion.

Without pausing to explain these changes, the fairy, reappearing, conducted him through the mazes of the forest, the roots and branches of which decayed so rapidly that what was but now a wood, sheltering myriads of living creatures, became an extensive plain, from the centre of which burst a small spring that suddenly increased into a wide and rushing river. By the side of this they proceeded, but the waters outstripped them, sweeping in their course through gardens where nature had lavished her treasures, and

over palaces that seemed destined to endure for ever. When Assamin looked for the spot on which had lately risen, like a dream, the temple of delight, he beheld only a small ruin and a stagnant pool. In place of the wise men and the dancing maidens, he saw a flock of crows; and could hear no other music than that of a waterfall that gushed beside a withered tree upon a rock. Whilst he was pondering upon this change, the ruin became a hut, the pool appeared a clear stream, the crows grew white, assuming the form of swans, and the waterfall turned a mill whose sails had grown out of the branches of the withered tree.

Before he could account for these mutations—from the magnificent to the desolate, and from the desolate to the civilized—he perceived in the distance a spacious city spreading on every side. Here he found a countless number of inhabitants, of a different complexion and language to those he had before seen, anxious to offer him homage. The princes of the land, attended by a train of noble persons, waited on him with presents of the costliest productions of the earth. They brought to him an infinite number of female slaves, more beautiful than those that before enchanted him, who welcomed him with music and flowers. As he was admiring them, concluding that happiness had here fixed her permanent abode, the veils which they wore took the form of wings, their dresses became as feathers, their faces hooked, their tones dissonant; and he saw only in the troop of lovely damsels a procession of parrots. At the same moment the city melted into mist; the splendid pillars and domes became palm-trees, grass sprang up on the pavement, and all the living shapes to be seen were a few sheep grazing, and a man digging for relics of a mighty city that had formerly stood there.

He now began to despair of interpreting these changes as omens of happiness. He felt the inconvenience of such frequent transitions, perceiving that as soon as he became attached to an object he must prepare to lose it—that every thing possessed a moth-like existence, changing shape, yet scarcely surviving the day. Revolutions of states and empires were here but the work of an instant. He saw

priests and virgins presiding at the altar, who were immediately succeeded by a troop of banditti. He looked upon the rushes and sea-weed, and found a corn-field where the waters flowed. "But thou," said he, turning to the fairy who still accompanied him, "art unmoved by these vicissitudes; thou, where all is changing, changest not. Beneath this shade, here upon this bank blushing with flowers, shew me amidst all these wonderful transitions the permanent home of happiness, and the path by which it is to be approached." "Thou dost forget," said the fairy, "that this is not the island of Happiness, but of Change." "Is there then no union or sympathy between them?" inquired the youth. "Thou hast not found it so here, nor on the earth, whose remote revolutions and events have been brought close, and figured in the scenes thou hast surveyed." "Hast thou indeed pictured to me," returned Assamin, "the changes of a world that appeared so monotonous? Then, if happiness is, as I have imagined, the result of change, the earth must be its habitation. But thou, in whom all beauty seems concentrated, wilt not alter like all around thee, or fade and wither like the children of mortality! What could atone for the loss of a form which felicity itself must wear!" As he spoke, however, the object of his admiration seemed to partake of the spirit of change that pervaded all things; the body shrunk up, the limbs became

attenuated, the delicate colour darkened into green, and the only note that the astonished youth could hear was the click of a grasshopper among the weeds and nettles that surrounded him.

He started up in dismay. "Let me return again to earth," exclaimed he, "where changes are incessantly but imperceptibly occurring, rather than inhabit a region where nothing is durable but disappointment; and where the inhabitants, actuated by the propensities of beast, bird, or insect, assume a corresponding shape. Perhaps my own appearance has shared in the general fate—I may wake and find myself a gourd or a wild briar." So saying, he looked into a stream and beheld the features of a venerable man, with thin grey locks and a calm contented eye. "These are my own features!" said he. "Have I indeed purchased wisdom, at the expense only of the colour of my cheek, and the glossy ringlets of youth. The exchange has been cheaply made." In meditating, however, upon this new change, he approached too near the stream; for, upon waking from his reverie, he found himself in the well-known valley which he had visited at sunrise, with his legs in the water, and his camels wandering at an immense distance over the mountains. "This rhapsody of mine," said he, as he cast a glance towards his charge, "has cost me a pretty chase this morning."

B. 17

THE PRISONERS OF LONVESTEIN.

It was a fine evening of the tardy spring of Holland; the sun was setting gloriously on the still waters of the Meuse, and gilding, with his brilliant rays, the dreary walls of the fortress of Lonvestein, when within its gloomy apartments sat one, who contemplated the lovely aspect of external nature, with mingled sensations of sorrow and delight—for he was a prisoner. Near him were piled books, and implements for writing; and the rooms exhibited many marks of female embellishment. Rare plants and flowers were placed in some of its deep recesses; and the countenance of its inmate betrayed little of the sadness which is esteemed inseparable from captivity. A sweet and patient resignation dwelt on his noble brow, whose expression spoke indeed a mind raised from earth to heaven; and the fine features derived new graces from that touch of thoughts divine. He withdrew his gaze from the declining orb, and, taking a large volume towards him, began to read it with profound attention. And well did the sacred page deserve such engrossing interest.

So much was his whole soul absorbed, that he seemed not to heed the entrance of a lady—whose presence was, however, very dear to him—till she laid her gentle hand on his shoulder.

“Are you returned? my beloved Maria,” said he, raising his eyes with tender delight to her speaking countenance; “I have missed thee much; and judge how sweet must be the comfort this book affords, since it can console me for thy absence!”

The lady seated herself as though exhausted by fatigue or anxiety. “Yet, my dearest husband, I sometimes fear that you wear your mind and frame by such constant application; and this I have been telling the governor’s lady, and with all truth.”

“No, indeed,” replied her husband. “Never did I feel the full value of literature and philosophy, till I dwelt within these walls—’tis they have kept my health from wholly sinking, and, like dew on a parched land, preserved the freshness of my spirits. As to my soul, that has needed better sustenance—this sacred page has been its first, best support, and next, thy

own dear society; for till thou camest, my prison looked, indeed, desolate. Now, blessed with thee, and my favourite books—may I confess it?—time has half reconciled me to its calm seclusion, from the tumults of that vain world, where my little bark hath already suffered shipwreck.”

“Indeed!” said the lady, thoughtfully; “yet surely, were Freedom to offer herself, she would not be ungratefully rejected?” A glow passed over the pale cheeks of the wise, the excellent Grotius, and a light of hope beamed in his fine eye, which revealed that her words had, indeed, waked a pulse to which his whole being vibrated. But, after a moment’s pause—“My kind, my good Maria,” said he, “why dost thou, ever considerate, mention a theme, which can serve no purpose but to rouse thoughts better dismissed—to disturb a mind at peace, I trust, with Heaven and all the world? The spirit of Christianity has taught me long since to forgive my enemies—and to think of them with charity; but do not let us name freedom, a blessing they have ever debarred me from—yet not they!—but Heaven’s high will be done!” He bowed his head meekly, and again turned his attention on his book.

“Grotius!” said his wife, “look on me.—Am I in the habit of sporting with your feelings? If I named freedom, it is because a hope, for the first time, presents itself. O, my beloved husband! do not wholly reject it—do not break entirely the heart of your sorrowing wife, whose prayers daily implore the Author of Mercy for your deliverance.—Listen to me calmly, favourably.” Grotius gazed on her, indeed, with surprise and emotion, and gave the full attention of his powerful mind to the plan she had projected for his escape.

It is well known that the only crime of which Grotius was accused, even by his worst enemies, was his rejection of the doctrine of predestination inculcated by Calvin and his followers, and his courageous support of the oppressed Arminians. After the cruel execution of the mild and virtuous Barnevelt, by the decree of his former pupil, Prince Maurice of Nassau, Grotius, whose principles accorded with those of this innocent victim of tyranny,

was condemned to imprisonment for life in the castle of Lonvestein, where, after three years had passed away, consoled by true devotion, and cheered by the society of his beloved wife, he was learning the precious uses of adversity, and had almost forgotten the injustice of mankind.

But not so his inestimable consort, who, with unwearied solicitude, was occupied in secretly forming a variety of plans for his escape. Amongst the few comforts left them in the hour of distress, was one as rare as it is valuable—a sincerely attached and faithful servant. This girl, whose name was Alitz, had lived from her early youth with the noble and excellent Maria, and, seeming to have imbibed some portion of her courageous and disinterested spirit, she was ready to aid her mistress in any effort, however dangerous, in the hope of liberating her kind and benevolent master. The wife of Grotius had also, fortunately, won the favour and regard of the governor's lady by assisting in nursing her little girl; and it was from a visit to this kind friend, which had some connexion with her project, that she was just returned on the evening when our narrative commences.

It happened, a few days after that period, that a report became current in the fortress of Lonvestein, that Grotius, exhausted by captivity, and by intense application, had become seriously ill, and was confined to his bed; and that his wife, alarmed at the consequences of his studies, had obtained from him a reluctant consent to send away the chief part of his favourite volumes. Pursuant to this resolution, one fine morning in March, some soldiers entered the room in which Grotius and his family usually sat, to convey from it what had been his chief solace in seclusion, his beloved books. They were enclosed in a large chest, which, before his illness, had formed the most interesting part of the furniture of the apartment in the eyes of the inmate, as it contained his cherished volumes. Nor did his sympathizing spouse, as she now sat by to witness its removal, behold it without emotion; on the contrary, her fine features were more than commonly expressive of anxiety, though, probably, more for her husband's situation than the loss of his literary treasures.

"My good Alitz," said she to her favourite maid, "you will accompany this

box, and see it safely conveyed to Gorcum: it contains books precious to your master, as well as of great value in themselves; and when his health returns, as I trust it may, he will wish to have them again, uninjured."

"I must say, madam," returned Alitz, rather peevishly, "it is a little unkind of you to send me away with this old lumbering box of books, that have little value but their weight to any one but my master, when he is sick, and I might aid you in nursing him—even now you are wan and pale with the fatigue of sitting up by him last night."

"Nevertheless, my good girl, obey my request, and be careful of the chest, which is dear to your master, and to me, for his sake, though I send it away for a time, the better to advantage his condition."

"It is wondrous heavy!" cried one of the soldiers, who was assisting, with difficulty, to lift the chest. "Faith! madam, I should almost think it contained an Arminian!"

"It does, indeed, contain Arminian books," said the lady, rising hastily, and approaching him; "and when you think of the woe such doctrines have wrought us, you cannot marvel, friend, that I wish to remove them from my husband's sight."

"Right," said the man, "I would he had never known any such, for were it not that he is an Arminian, my eyes never looked on a more discreet, civil, kind of gentleman."

"Thanks for thy kind speech," replied the wife of Grotius; "and in return, let me offer thee this ring, which has nothing Arminian about it, but bears a very good motto for all—'Trust in God!'"

The soldier put back the ring; "I may not take this; but I shall remember always that an Arminian may be kind and gentle. But," said the man, suddenly starting, "I like not this. You are good, madam, but why offer so costly a present to a poor soldier, one who has never served you? This chest is of unusual weight—what may it contain? It is my duty, the governor being absent, to inform the next in command of my suspicions."

"Art thou not ashamed," said Alitz, reproachfully, "to keep my mistress from her husband's sick bed to listen to thy surmises? Do as thou listest, and alarm

the whole garrison, if thou wilt, for such a nonsensical cause!"

"At least," replied the soldier, "I must acquaint the governor's lady with the facts—the responsibility will then be off my shoulders, and she can be answerable for the event."

"True," said the wife of Grotius, calmly and gently. "Do thy errand, soldier, since thou thinkest it a duty—the governor's lady has given me permission to remove these books, and is aware of my motives for doing so. I should be loth my misfortunes should bring reproach on thee."

The soldier, who was indeed of a kindly nature, though exact in what he considered the fulfilment of his office, replied, "I will go to her immediately."

"Yes," cried one of his comrades, "and so do a fool's errand. When did ever one soft-hearted woman object to the foolery of another? You will find the governor's wife fondling over her sick child, whom these women helped her to nurse; and she will scarcely hear thy words, but cry—'Let the poor Lady Maria do as she pleases!' My life on it. Better stick our pikes through the chest, and so make sure work of it."

"Never!" said Madame Grotius, in a faint voice. "Ye are Christian men—you would not do such an act of violence before those your honoured lady treats with courtesy."

"Nor, sure," said Alitz, "are these the feats of brave men, to frighten two poor, helpless women. Retire, dearest mistress, to my master's apartment, who needs your aid. I will stay and hear the result of the message which will make these wise senders ashamed." And with tender care she supported the drooping lady to the door of the sleeping-chamber, and then returned to await the end of the soldier's suspicions.

The sun shone serenely as on the former evening, when the excellent Grotius contemplated from his prison-window its lustre; but as he was now unable to appear, his faithful wife sat alone in that gloomy apartment, intently watching its retiring rays, with an anxious, eager gaze. At length, as the sun was gilding with its last blaze the expanse of waters, a boat shot round the windings of the stream, in which were seated two persons—one of them rose hastily and made a signal to the lady at the window. The wife of Grotius dropped

suddenly on her knees, and uttered aloud a fervent thanksgiving; but her eyes, raised to heaven, and the working of her features, almost convulsed by gratitude, spoke more than words.

A few moments afterwards, her faithful maid, Alitz, entered the apartment alone, and running joyfully up to her mistress, exclaimed, in a voice of thankfulness, "All is well! God has blessed our efforts with success!" Madame Grotius could not answer by words, but, rushing hastily into the arms of Alitz, buried her face, bathed in tears, on the shoulder of the attached creature, while the heart of the good girl heaved with answering sobs to those of her mistress.

Short was the time that they had remained lost in a transport of devout bliss, when a sudden tumult was heard in the castle, and the words—"The governor is coming," were repeatedly uttered by eager voices, and in a few moments the doors of the apartment were thrown open, and the governor appeared, with a stern countenance, attended by some guards.

At his aspect, the wife of Grotius drew herself up, and assumed her usual stately and composed air.

"Madam!" said he, advancing, and in a severe tone, "where is my prisoner, your husband? I must see him instantly, well or ill. Some circumstances have given rise to a suspicion that he has escaped during my absence, concealed in a chest.—Let me see him without delay.—Reassure me, I request, that he is safe."

"God be praised! he is indeed safe from the power of his enemies!" cried his wife, in a loud and firm voice; and falling on her knees before heaven, "The angel of the Lord tarrieth round about those that fear him, and delivereth them! My husband is delivered, and I have been an unworthy instrument in the hand of the Almighty to effect his liberation."

The amazement, vexation, and anger of the governor were beyond the power of words to express. At length he spoke. "Well, Madam, and you are prepared to abide the consequences of such an act?"

She rose from her knees, and with a mild calm accent replied—"I am prepared, having done my duty to my husband, to suffer, as *his* wife should do, all that Providence may allow me to endure."

"It is well," said the governor, as she meekly folded her hands on her breast. "I fear perpetual imprisonment in the place of your husband will be the least penalty."

He withdrew, and the inestimable consort of Grotius was left alone with her faithful Alitz to mingle, not tears or lamentations, but prayers and blessings to Heaven for the beloved fugitive, whom, after many narrow escapes from discovery, Alitz had seen safe, and placed in the care of friends and kinsmen.

Many, many setting suns did the true and worthy wife of the good Grotius behold sinking into the still waters of the Meuse, from her prison-window; but memory soothed her by recalling her generous sacrifice, and hope in Heaven sweetened her days. The same blessed book which had cheered her husband's retirement

breathed peace to her soul.—"The Lord looseth men out of prison, the Lord careth for the righteous!" thought she, as her eyes rested on the place where formerly had stood the dark chest which had been the instrument of her husband's escape. That gracious Being whom she invoked heard her prayer, for shortly after, the government, moved by her magnanimity, released her: whilst every good heart, in secret, applauded and blest her generous devotion.

The life of her exemplary husband and her own, ever after, illustrated the appropriate motto on the medal, which the states of Holland caused to be struck in honour of Grotius, after his decease: the device was, the sun rising from behind a cloud; and the words engraven below—"BRIGHTER AFTER ADVERSITY."

FLOYER.

SKETCHES IN TOWN.—No. I.

WESTMINSTER-HALL.

ONE morning about three years since, having business at Westminster, for which I had arrived rather too early, and scarcely knowing how to wile away the intervening time, I strolled into the Hall. It was a beautiful summer's morning, and the sunbeams shone cheerily from the lantern over the roughly-marked features of the oaken angels which support the roof formed of Irish oak, and to which, as tradition has it, no cobweb will ever attach. I grieved however to perceive the grand appearance of this noble Hall utterly spoiled by the wooden buildings which, since the coronation of His Majesty, have been placed here to receive the records. It was term time, and the barristers of the respective courts were all in motion; and as they passed me, engaged in eager converse, I could but smile at the contrast which they presented in my imagination to the stern and mail-clad barons in the reign of the third Henry, who, in this very Hall, with lighted tapers in their hands, swore to preserve and maintain inviolate the great charters. How did the desolate appearance of the upper end of the building contrast with the time when Cardinal Wolsey sat there in state, with a marble table before him, to administer justice! I looked around, and began to scrutinize the faces of those who passed me as they strolled up and down the Hall, and others who stood in groups apparently discussing some interesting point. All, all seemed to have some object in view. The flush of anticipated triumph already brightened over the cheeks of some, and on others the settled eye and the sunken cheek, with the slow step and downcast look, indicated that the chill of disappointment, if not of despair, was already stealing over them. Here and there I perceived persons meanly clad, apparently detailing to their legal advisers their plans, and seeking their support and assistance. I saw one woman, a widow, and she held a little boy by the hand clothed in mourning. Her modest appearance interested me. I saw that she was on the watch for some one, and presently I observed her make a low curtsy to one whom I knew to be a barrister of great repute. She tendered him some papers. He glanced

his eye at them and shook his head. The tear stood in her eye: she pointed to her boy and spoke again with apparent earnestness, and with effect; for, after conversing with her some little time, he took the papers which he had at first rejected, and I saw him busily engaged in perusing them, as he passed on towards the court in which he was engaged. And the widow, when I looked on her after her short interview, how her eye brightened! she clasped her boy's hand, and as she walked towards the door, her very step told of triumph! I almost pitied her, notwithstanding. If she had, as I imagined, engaged in a lawsuit, and with scanty means to boot, what difficulties and delays would spring up to destroy and overwhelm her now cherished hopes and fond anticipations!

There was yet another object upon whom my eye rested, and it was a melancholy one! It was a female whose intellect was disordered. I was told that she was well known to those who frequented Westminster Hall. The vanity of her youthful days still, however, clung to her, and showed itself in her painted cheek, in the jaunty air with which she slightly held up her gown, and in the reticule suspended from her arm—poor thing! she had evidently been good-looking, and as she passed along appeared still to consider herself rather as an object of admiration than of pity. I could not learn any thing of her history, or I might perhaps have discovered the reason of her partiality for Westminster Hall and the courts of law. It is most likely that a failure in some lawsuit, in which in her early days she was engaged, has unsettled her intellect, and that she still imagines it undecided, and frequents the court until her claim shall be adjusted. When I thought of this, I sighed for the poor widow, lest her case should prove similarly unfortunate.

Looking around, I observed a number of persons crowding into the Court of Chancery; and as I imagined there must be something of more than common interest going forward there, I resolved to follow them. I was already on the steps, and I paused once more to survey the Hall. The

splendid scene which this noble place presented when our sovereign held his coronation banquet here occurred to my memory. Again the bright spectacle seemed before my eyes, for who that had but one glimpse of that splendid scene can ever forget it? The galleries of beauteous ladies—the noble lords in their robes of state—the high and chivalrous bearing of the champion, and the courtly grace of the sovereign himself as he rose to quaff a health to him; together with the numberless lights, and the massive services of plate—formed a scene worthy of the past days of chivalry and romance.

It was with difficulty I forced my way into the Court of Chancery; and, after long struggling and toiling, I contrived to wedge myself into a seat, and upon inquiry I ascertained that judgment was to be given that morning in a cause which had been many years undecided. It was relative to estates of great value in one of the midland counties. The rightful claimant had been opposed from some motives of personal revenge by a gentleman of large fortune. The poorer opponent had sunk in the struggle. He died, and left a son, with whom the contest had still continued. At the time I speak of, the Earl of Eldon was the presiding judge of the Chancery Court; and how shall a pen so feeble as mine attempt to do him justice; how pourtray his keen penetration; his extensive legal knowledge; the ease with which he unravelled the most knotty points; or describe the general urbanity of his manners, and the kindness with which he both heard and encouraged the junior members of the bar? His memory will be long cherished in the court over which he presided; and long may he yet live to wear the honours which he has so justly earned! And when at length the grave shall close over so exalted a character, posterity will do justice to the purity of his motives, to the undeviating rectitude of his principles, to his excellent judgment, and to his fervent patriotism.

Having disposed of a few motions of slight importance, the Chancellor commenced delivering judgment in the cause of which I have before spoken. A general silence prevailed, as he proceeded in his usual luminous and clear manner to discuss the points at issue between the parties. One of the claimants, the young man, was

in court, and was pointed out to me. He appeared about five-and-twenty, very gentlemanly and prepossessing. I pitied his nervous agitation, which he strove in vain to conceal, by shading his face with his hand; but it betrayed itself every now and then in the restlessness of his motions. A far more interesting object, however, for my observation was seated opposite to me—a young female, accompanied by an elderly gentleman, apparently her father. As the Chancellor proceeded in his judgment, her emotion became extreme, and I felt certain that she was in some way concerned in the cause now deciding. I observed her glances frequently rest on the young man before spoken of: the beautiful colour faded from her cheeks; her clasped hands rested on her knee, and her eyes appeared to watch every motion of the noble lord who was then addressing the court. At length he approached the termination, and delivered it as his opinion, that according to the principles both of equity and law, the estates in question were the rightful property of the young claimant. He sat down, and immediately a murmur of applause ran through the court, which the grave looks of the judge instantly repressed. However, every one seemed rejoiced at the young man's success.

I turned now to look for the lady, but she was gone; and, upon further inquiry, I learned that she had fainted, and been carried out of court, immediately on the Chancellor having concluded his judgment. The gentleman in whose favour the cause had terminated was also gone, and as I felt more than commonly interested in this case, I resolved to inquire further respecting the parties. In a few moments I encountered a harrister to whom I was well known, and from him I gathered the following particulars. Mortimer Lacy, the young man whom I had seen, had been long tenderly attached to the daughter of a general officer, but she was portionless, her father having little, save his honourable reputation and unblemished character, to bequeath to his children. Young Lacy, however, heeded not this; and with all the ardour of youth he pointed out to his beloved a thousand plans, each of which would lead him to fame and fortune. But his gentle Emily was not to be swayed from the course which her judgment ap-

proved, even by all his eloquent pleading, and she refused to unite her fate with his, until happier times should dawn on them—resolving not to cast herself as an additional burthen upon her lover's already straitened means. She even bade him forget her, and seek a richer bride; but her tears contradicted her words, and he only vowed to love her more fervently—and for ever. Things continued thus for some time—fortune still adverse to them—the light of hope began to fade before the eyes of Emily, and the colour forsook her cheeks; nay, even the stronger frame of Lacy began to bend before that worst sickness, “the sickness of hope deferred.” At this eventful period, he was informed by his counsel that there was a probability of the cause which he had so long contested being brought to a successful termination. This again racked the spirits of both Emily and her lover; and when the day was appointed for a final decision in the cause, their agitations, their alternations of hope and fear, may be better

conceived than described. Emily resolved to attend the court herself on the day appointed, and it was she who had so interested me, and who had fainted upon hearing the favourable judgment which would restore her to hope and happiness.

* * * *

I scarcely ever remember to have felt more delighted than I did one morning about a month after my visit to Westminster Hall. I was passing St. George's Church, when a bridal cavalcade drew up; curiosity impelled me to stop, and I recognized with pleasure, in the bride and bridegroom, my favourites of the Chancery Court. Young Lacy and his Emily! how happy they both looked! The flush of modest joy and tender confidence was spread over her face; and his dark eye and noble brow spoke of triumph and of happiness. As they passed up the church steps, my heart ejaculated a prayer, that the clouds of sorrow might never rest on their young and joyous forms. Mrs. H.

W O M A N.

In no situation, and under no circumstances, does the female character appear to such advantage as when watching beside the bed of sickness. The chamber of disease may indeed be said to be woman's—tender, loving woman's—home. We there behold her in her loveliest, most attractive point of view : firm, without being harsh ; tender, yet not weak ; active, yet quiet ; gentle, patient, uncomplaining, vigilant. Every sympathetic feeling that so peculiarly graces the feminine character, is there called forth ; while the native strength of mind that had hitherto slumbered in inactivity, is roused to its fullest energy. With noiseless step she moves about the chamber of the invalid ; her listening ear, ever ready to catch the slightest murmur ; her quick, kind glance, to interpret the unuttered wish, and supply the half-formed want. She smooths with careful hand the uneasy pillow which supports the aching head, or with cool hand soothes the fevered

brow, or proffers to the glazed and parching lip the grateful draught ; happy if she meet one kind glance in payment for her labour of love. Hers is the low-whispered voice that breathes of life and hope—of health in store for happy days to come ; or tells of better and of heavenly rest, where neither sorrow nor disease can come—where the dark power of death no more shall have dominion over the frail, suffering, perishable clay. Through the dim, silent watches of the night, when all around are hushed in sleep, it is hers to keep lone vigils, and to hold communion with her God, and silently lift up her heart in fervent prayer, for the prolongment of a life for which she cheerfully would sacrifice her own. And even when exhausted nature sinks to brief repose, forgetfulness is denied. Even in sleep she seems awake to this one great object of her care. She starts and rises from her slumbers, raises her drooping head, watches with dreamy eyes the face

she loves, then sinks again to rest, to start with every chime of clock, or distant sound, that formerly had passed unheard, or only served as lullaby to her sweet sleep.

How lovely does the wife, the mother, the sister, or the friend become to the eye of grateful affection, while administering ease, comfort—nay, almost life itself, to the husband, the son, the brother, or the friend!

Amid the glittering throng of Pleasure's vain and thoughtless votaries—sparkling with gems and silken robes, elated by the homage addressed to her charms, and fully conscious of her power in exciting the admiration of the crowd—woman, lovely woman! may indeed attract the attention, dazzle the eye, and fascinate the mind of the gazer; but behold her in the quiet performance of her household duties, surrounded by her happy train of infants; or hovering about the sick bed of a beloved partner; and admiration changes to love. We are fascinated, attracted by beauty, grace, and wit; but we love the display of tender, generous, self-devoted friendship that the latter case exhibits.

Such were the reflections that presented themselves to the mind of Arthur Digby, as he regarded with feelings of absorbing interest the animated countenance of a lovely and very elegantly-dressed woman, who had taken her seat at the harp that occupied a distant recess of the superb drawing-room, in which were assembled the leading-stars of science and literature,—Arthur Digby had seen that countenance before; but he now gazed upon it with different feelings to those which had formerly occupied his mind.

His reverie was dispelled by the sound of a familiar voice; and, with a sort of surprise, he turned to reply to the greeting of his friend, Hugh Annesley, who seemed disposed to rally Arthur on his grave humour.

"You seem to be deeply engaged in watching the movements of that lovely vocalist, Arthur," observed Annesley, who had detected the object that engrossed the attention of the young student. But the words of the gay barrister fell unheard and unheeded on the ear of Arthur Digby.

"What, silent still? Nay, Arthur, but I shall begin to fear your insensible heart has at last been touched. Be guarded, my friend," he added, lowering his voice; "that lady's affections are not at her own disposal."

A deep blush dyed the cheeks of Arthur Digby, as he hastily replied, "You need not fear for me, Annesley—I am aware of the circumstance." A pause of some minutes ensued, which was employed by the barrister in watching the varying expression of his companion's face.—"If the countenance be a faithful index to the mind, your thoughts must be of a melancholy cast."

"It is true, my friend. The sight of that woman—I had almost forgotten common-sense, and said, that angel—recalled to my mind a very different scene, in which she was a principal actor. Not in scenes of gaiety and splendour like this did I first behold her. It is now nearly four months ago since I was summoned, in the unavoidable absence of my friend, Dr. B., to attend a family, in a neighbouring square, which had been attacked with a fever of so malignant a character, that it threatened imminent peril to any one bold enough to venture within the region of infection. Adversity is said to be the touchstone of friendship. The infected dwelling was abandoned by many of those who might have proved useful by a thousand little acts of kindness and attention, and the invalids were left to the mercy of strangers and hirelings. One by one, the members of that devoted household sank beneath the blasting breath of disease, scarcely less terrible than the plague.

"I shall never forget the effect produced on my mind on my first visit. With difficulty I mastered the feeling of anguish with which I turned from contemplating the delirious agonies of an apparently dying father, to administer relief to three of his suffering children successively. But it was the patient, uncomplaining sufferings of a meek girl that had fallen an early victim to the fever, in its most aggravated form, that awakened all my sympathies. From the first moment that I looked upon the sharpened features and ghastly countenance of the poor sufferer, as she lay stretched on her

bed in a state of death-like insensibility, I felt convinced that the fiat had gone forth—a warrant from which there was no reprieve; her hours were already numbered. She was apparently unconscious of my approach: I sometimes hope she was also unconscious of her own physical suffering, which would have been greatly augmented had she been left the power of reflecting upon its horrors.—The image of this poor unfortunate haunted me incessantly; and, though fully aware that to enter her chamber—which was, in truth, the centre and focus of infection—was fraught with certain danger, I could not resist the feeling that prompted me to renew my visits.

“I had hitherto seen no one but the nurse; and it was with some surprise I beheld, on entering the chamber of my patient, a lovely woman, elegantly but simply attired, leaning over the pillow of the poor invalid; with soothing gentleness endeavouring to arouse her from the death-like stupor that pervaded her frame, that she might administer the medicine which had been prescribed. There was a tenderness and sweetness in her voice and look that seemed for a moment to fix the wandering thoughts of her patient, and recal her to a sense of her own condition. She spoke not—could not speak—but her languid eye faintly smiled in thankfulness on her nurse.

“The next time I beheld that noble-minded woman, she was kneeling beside the death-bed of the sufferer, with eyes raised in tearful earnestness towards that heaven whose invisible portals she prayed might be unclosed to admit the departing spirit, hovering on the brink of the ocean of eternity. Death was in the ghastly face of the dying Anna, as her head sank on the bosom of her devoted nurse. Painfully conscious that every breath respired by the invalid was obnoxious to the safety of her friend, I intreated that she would allow me to uphold the drooping head of the expiring girl on my arm; but she gently repulsed me, saying she felt no apprehension of infection.—‘The mo-

ther of this dear child,’ she added, while her fine expressive eyes were filled with tears, ‘was my earliest and most beloved friend. I received *her* last breath, and to my care she commended her motherless children. When the freed spirit of her poor Anna shall meet her mother in the realms of light—if, indeed, it be permitted for the mother and child to meet—she will bear witness that I have faithfully performed her last request.’ The dim eye of the dying Anna was for an instant lifted to the speaker’s face—her pale, quivering lips essayed to speak—a faint smile—a nervous pressure of the hand, that was grasped with silent agony by her brother—was all that passed. The damp, cold hand relaxed its hold—the transient gleam of light faded from the glazed and failing eye—the lip became fixed in the motionless rigidity of death—the laboured bosom ceased to heave—the sudden stillness that ensued told that the sufferer was at rest from every earthly ill. It is impossible to look on death even in its mildest form without feeling an awe steal over the mind and senses. Never did a death-bed scene awaken more painful emotion than that which I then witnessed; and I turned from the chamber of death with a full and bursting heart. I never saw that devoted friend from that time, nor, till this very evening, could I even learn her name. I now behold her the centre of attraction, the idol of the circle in which she moves. And she—the wealthy, the talented, the lovely, happy wife—could voluntarily quit her home of luxury and wedded peace, to become an inmate of the roof where disease and death walked hand in hand—to watch beside the bed of death, and soothe the dying agonies of the child of her friend, even at the risk of her own life! Brilliant and lovely as she now appears, she looks not more beautiful in my eyes than when I last beheld her—a ministering angel, passing the spirit to its eternal home!

“To win man’s love, woman should be thus seen, and thus remembered!”

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